

azlitt asks:
STOP INFLATION?
-SEE PAGE 1351

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NATIONAL REVIEW

The Proliferation Non-Treaty

Lowell Ponte

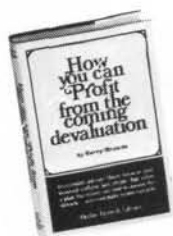
The Bitch Goddess of Individualism

Richard S. Wheeler

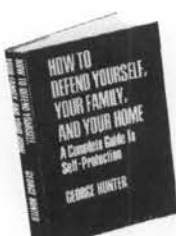
Do Pacifists Harm Peace?

Ernest van den Haag

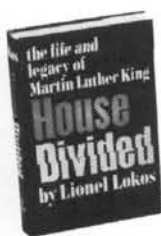
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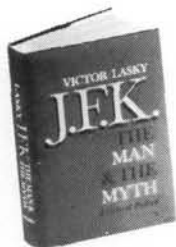
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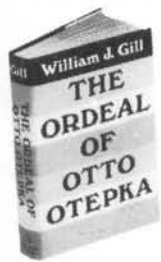
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1328 The Week

ARTICLES

1340 Notes on the Proliferation Non-Treaty by Lowell Ponte

The Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, we are everywhere told, is the latest last-best-hope. Bosh, says Mr. Ponte, who proceeds to dissect the Treaty and finds it a great encourager of proliferation in an age when, if it wished to, the Mafia could be a nuclear power. Mr. Ponte is a graduate student in international relations at the University of Southern California, has worked on the staff of *Human Events*, has sold articles to *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, and is at work on two books. This is his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW.

1344 Do Pacifists Harm Peace? by Ernest van den Haag

Dr. van den Haag, professor of social philosophy at New York University and lecturer in sociology and psychology at the New School, offers in dialogue a modest proposal to solve the pacifist dilemma.

1346 The Bitch Goddess of Individualism by Richard Wheeler

It's fine to do your thing, but how do you find out what your thing is? Another dilemma, sympathetically studied if not altogether solved by a charter member of the conservative movement. Dick Wheeler goes back to the early days of *Insight and Outlook*. He put out *Rally* with his brother Tim, then worked around Washington, then—he wrote us a year ago: “The confined East is unbearable; my home is the Western cordillera.” So off he went, to be assistant city editor of the *Billings [Montana] Gazette*, clearly a man who has found his thing: “My ranch is progressing nicely. I live there in an old homestead log cabin with a pot-bellied wood stove, and commute 33 miles each way to the paper in Billings, along a lovely empty highway with antelope grazing beside it. There are now a couple of dozen Appaloosa horses, with some delightful, high-colored colts on the place. . . .”

1349 Letter from Tokyo by Gerhart Niemeyer

1351 Nixon's Economic Dilemma by Henry Hazlitt

DEPARTMENTS

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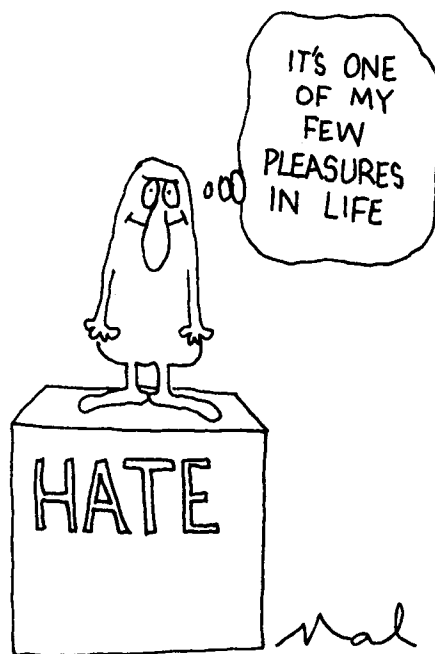
1354 BOOKS—ARTS—MANNERS

David Brudnoy, Our Man Just Thirty, likes the kids fine but not their latest in-book, *The Greening of America* □ Simonds again, fresh from wading through this year's glut of fancy Christmas gift books □ John Greenway sharpens his tongue and does it to *The Social Contract*, Robert Ardrey's new book of pop-anthropology □ The academy has discovered the nineteenth-century European Right, says Stephen J. Tonsor, and is doing its busy best to pin twentieth-century fascism on the likes of Gobineau and de Maistre □ From front row center, Richard Corliss reports on new movies by old masters.

FOR THE RECORD

■ Watch the **Angela Davis** operation: It's the biggest Communist propaganda blast in years. India: **S. A. Dange**, head of CP of India: "Angela Davis is an example of how ruthlessly the **Nixon** Administration has started a round of McCarthyite witch-hunts to smother all voices of protest." Italy: **Italian Communists** are circulating petitions in factories, shops and schools demanding that the government formally oppose the imprisonment of Angela Davis. France: French crooner and Communist sympathizer **Yves Montand** and a host of other French actors cable Governor **Rockefeller** urging him to free Angela Davis. . . . In this country, Judge **George Crockett** of Detroit comes out in favor of Angela Davis. (In case you've forgotten, he's the judge who released eight Negroes involved in the shooting and killing of a policeman following a meeting of Republic of New Africa in Detroit a year ago.) Singer **Aretha Franklin** announces she's ready to go bail for Angela Davis "whether it's \$100,000 or \$250,000. I've got the money. I got it from black people . . . and I want to use it in ways that will help our people." . . . Meanwhile, back at San Rafael, California, the five remaining **Superior Court** judges say they will disqualify themselves from the Angela Davis trial. It was one of their colleagues who was killed in the courtroom kidnaping and shootout that resulted in Angela Davis' arrest.

■ Senate Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield** says he sees "no reason why [Sen. **Harry**] **Byrd** should not sit with the Democrats" in the 92nd Congress, in obvious rebuke to liberal Democrats headed by **Fred Harris** (Okla.) who have been making purge-Byrd sounds (Byrd ran as an independent this year). . . . Sen. **Goodell** now intimating he may switch parties. "A battle for the soul of the Republican Party is under way. I intend to remain a Republican as long as I can, consistent with my convictions."



. . . Sen. **Wallace Bennett** (R., Utah) succeeds retiring Sen. **John J. Williams** (Del.) as chairman of the Senate Republican Committee on Committees—which means he's the man who passes out the committee assignments. Bennett is a conservative (ACA, 85 per cent; ADA, 6 per cent). . . . Republican National Committee in Washington so impressed by job that Agora Group did for **James Buckley** that it called in President **Phil Nicolaidis** for consultation right after the election.

■ Final tabulation in Massachusetts election shows **Edward Kennedy** got only 58.8 per cent of the vote. Earlier estimates had given Kennedy 63 per cent; in 1964, he chalked up spectacular 71 per cent. Interestingly enough, in the contest between Kennedy and the equally liberal Republican **Josiah Spaulding**, over 100,000 Massachusetts voters left the senatorial line blank. . . . Trouble looming in Illinois, where **Richard Walker** (of the Walker Report on the Chicago Democratic convention riots of

1968) has announced he'll run for governor in 1972 as an independent candidate. Could split the liberal-Democratic vote (Mayor **Daley** don't like), and help the Republicans in a state they lost big this year. . . . **Adlai Stevenson III**, who beat out Republican Sen. **Ralph Smith**, moving left just about as fast as he can go. The American flag which he wore during campaign on his lapel is missing. His first statement on Vietnam was that he opposes "moves to prop up that corrupt and dictatorial regime in Saigon."

■ Very little press play given to moving statement by Marshal **Ky** that he would like to take personal part in next raid to try to free U.S. prisoners in North Vietnam. . . . Press also disappointed at lack of fireworks between **Ky** and **Fulbright** when **Ky** appeared before Senate Foreign Relations Committee. On the contrary, **Fulbright** Committee even served **Ky** coffee and icebox cookies. . . . Biggest draw in Massachusetts YAF rally in favor of freeing prisoners last week was **Pueblo** skipper Commander **Lloyd Bucher**, who was all for the raid.

■ According to Washington reports, U.S. aid to **Pakistan** was seriously delayed because Pakistani government refused to allow U.S. helicopters from Thailand to take part in operation, on grounds that they were "tainted," i.e., they had been used in Vietnam. . . . Two peace groups in **Chile** are reported to be sending blood plasma to North Vietnam. . . . **South Yemen** is now calling itself "The People's Democratic Republic of Yemen" and going all the way socialist.

■ The very latest in medical findings is that church-going is healthy. Dr. **George Comstock** reports in *Journal* of the American Medical Association that incidence of fatal heart disease is twice as high among infrequent churchgoers as for men who go to church at least once a week.



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LETTERS

Libya: A Deluge

Your cover story of November 17 ["Should We Ditch Israel?"] is certainly a puzzle! I'm not at all sure whether I was meant to laugh or weep over it. (I think I did both.) Could it be that you printed it merely to provoke controversy?

Whatever hopes of serious consideration Charles Benson might have entertained, he forfeits by his prejudice against the Arabs. But above and beyond this, to advocate aggressive war by the United States, the champion of the Free World, against a nation of backward and impoverished peasants who have experienced less than three decades of genuine freedom in the last five hundred years and who have given no provocation whatsoever to justify this proposed persecution, as the possible solution to the crisis brought about by the Zionist occupation of Palestine, is to step beyond the pale. There can be no justification for this immoral proposal.

Teaneck, N. J.

PHIL BOSCO

Your readers are asked to "suppose . . . we were to take Libya." What is the point of printing unrealistic suppositions of this kind? I can see none, unless Mr. Benson and the editorial board of NATIONAL REVIEW desire to exacerbate the already strained relations between the United States and Libya.

Oyster Bay, N.Y.

MRS. H. NICKERSON

Mr. Benson's proposal to attack Libya as a solution to the Middle East mess may be brilliant but it doesn't reach the heart of the problem. Obviously, the United States should conquer Israel and grant her statehood. Our standing in the Arab world would immediately rise from zero to one hundred; the Soviets would take a back seat in this area; the Israelis would have a U.S. governorship (Mrs. Meir) and two U.S. Senate seats; an immense financial burden would be lifted from American Jews. Think about it.

Buffalo, N.Y.

E. J. PETERSON

Come, now—are you pulling our leg, or have you gone raving mad? Seize Libya, indeed! and drive all her population into poverty-plagued, overcrowded Egypt! Such a stroke would destroy in a flash the image of justice and human compassion which, both at home and abroad, has been America's chief stock in trade.

Arabs are people, too; and so far as we are concerned, they are more sinned against than sinning. What kind of a Macbeth complex would cause you to propose

that we add two million miserable refugees to the hundreds of thousands in the Middle East whose homeless, hopeless lives are already black on the conscience of the Free World?

Military might gives a nation potent hands, but principles are its backbone. Should America turn blatant aggressor, then all her protestations of noble purpose will ring hollow, and the faith that holds her together will shrivel and die. So please—say it's all a joke!

Yonkers, N.Y.

HELEN M. MCCADDEN

Mr. Benson's piece on a strategic alternative is shocking. But that is *all* it is. It is not rash, it is not mad or insane, it is not, given the exigencies of the world situation, even imprudent. But, alas, we Americans are not a bold lot and would not attempt such a venture. Far too many cannot perceive the strategic situation on this planet and in fact don't really know the meaning of the term. Nor do most understand the reality of the rival's intent. The argument, whatever its merits, is doomed to oblivion. Doesn't it seem that Sparta will again prove victorious?

Sea Girt, N.J.

W. C. MOTZENBECKER

Our Apologies

Thank you for sending us your November 17 issue in which you mention our book *No Known Survivors* ["Random Notes"]. We were pleased to see the book chosen but do want to call your attention to the fact that the author is David Levine and not Peter Levine. He is, of course, the well-known caricaturist for the *New York Review of Books* and *Esquire*.

VICKI DELORENZO

Publicity Director

Gambit Publishers

Boston, Mass.

Kilpatrick: Two Protests

James J. Kilpatrick reports ["'Hi, There! Your Next Senator . . .'" Nov. 3] that I introduced James Buckley as "the man who retired John Lindsay from politics last year." Since the American system scarcely provides for political exorcism, I have never made, nor would I now make, such a statement or attribute it to anyone in an introduction.

More seriously, he implies that my endorsement of James Buckley, in opposition to Senator Goodell, was the product of pique and vendetta. Why only Mr. Goodell? Did I not support Attorney General Lefkowitz in his bid for re-election this year and did I not consent to act as a sponsor for a testimonial dinner for Mr. Lefkowitz last

October at the very moment he was then pounding the streets for John Lindsay? The difference is obvious. Mr. Lefkowitz was and remains a qualified Attorney General while Mr. Goodell was and is continuing to advocate a position that, in my view, encourages international lawlessness and a possible Third World War. I endorsed James Buckley because he was obviously the class of his field.

Staten Island, N.Y.

JOHN J. MARCHI

James Jackson Kilpatrick's article on the Buckley campaign was generally good—Kilpatrick is one of America's top ten.

However, I must protest the conspicuous underemphasis of the role young people played in the campaign. He did mention the Young Republicans, but in New York State this is only telling a fraction of the story. Young Americans for Freedom was the first to mobilize the state for an effective "Getting Trim for Jim" effort, especially with Herb Stupp's Youth for Buckley. Herb, New York YAF's vice chairman, attracted over two thousand young people to political conservatism. (Gabe Pressman of NBC noticed it, but James Jackson Kilpatrick of our side did not.) These young men and women were the ones who rented buses to greet Nixon in Westchester with Buckley signs. They were the ones who met Jim Buckley at Chemung, Buffalo and thousands of other towns across the state.

YAF helped feed YRs with names to start YR clubs just as we helped other, smaller groups during the whole Buckley campaign. We are all on the same side, but YAF's role is special when it is considered that the thousands of kids we mobilized for Buckley did not do it merely as Republicans but as *conservatives*, conscious of principle above Nelson.

Again, I admire Mr. Kilpatrick and many Young Republicans. Mixing us all into one homogeneous YR broth and giving our unprecedented efforts less mention than Ottinger's Golden Retriever Club is something less, however, than I would expect from an astute and thorough reporter.

RONALD F. DOCKSAI

Chairman

Young Americans for Freedom

Washington, D.C.

Rail Cruise

On behalf of millions (or soon to be) of railroad passengers, thanks so much for your comments on the Transcontinental Rail Cruise ["The Week," Nov. 3]. So many congressmen of rather liberal persuasion are boosting the resurrection of quality rail passenger service these days that it's a pleasure to read of conservative support in the pages of conservatism's finest periodical.

I was similarly gratified to learn of the recent passage of the National Rail Passenger Service Act of 1970, and to hear that the likes of Claiborne Pell and Warren Magnuson were supported so generously by Senators Robert C. Byrd, Winston L. Prouty and Gordon Allott. Since NATIONAL REVIEW

shares the enthusiasm of these gentlemen for rail passenger service, I thought this act should be brought to your attention.

See you on the Southern Pacific.
Hopewell, N.J. RICHARD M. LANGWORTH

More on Witches

Preoccupation for a fortnight with intensive reading about Buckleys in the envious media caused me to get behind in perusal of the Source. May I contribute a belated footnote to the Robert Moses misstatement that Salem witches were burned ["Bomb Shelters, Arks and Ecology," Sept. 8], and a learned professor's correction ["Letters," Nov. 3] which gave the impression that all victims of the Salem Special Court were hanged?

The judges had other resources. Giles Corey was pressed to death—*peine forte et dure*—because he would not agree to be tried by the Court (it having cleared none on trial). He was two days dying.

A dog was put to death after it appeared to have been bewitched. Evidence is lacking as to the manner of death.

Flemington, N.J. CLARK KINNAIRD

Correction

I was shocked to see that NATIONAL REVIEW was capable of making such a glaring blunder as the one in the editorial, "Pierre Trudeau: Counterrevolutionary" [Nov. 3].

To a Canadian Nationalist such as myself, the inaccurate reporting of the facts in the article was most depressing. Pierre Laporte was not a member of the Trudeau federal cabinet but, as correctly noted by James Burnham in his column in the same issue, was the Labor minister and the number two man in the Quebec provincial cabinet of Prime Minister Henri Bourassa.

It's about time that a firm move was made to crush the horrendous anarchists that are out to destroy democracy and the Free World. I can only say that I was glad and proud that Prime Minister Trudeau was the first to take such action.

Hamilton, Ontario GREG MILLER

Lincoln and Martial Law

In the November 17 issue of NR you discuss measures that might be taken by President Nixon if confronted with the kind of situation now existing in Canada. Your readers might be interested in the precise language of the proclamation which President Lincoln made on September 24, 1862. It was as follows:

"Whereas, it has become necessary to call into service, not only volunteers, but also portions of the militia of the states, by draft, in order to suppress the insurrection existing in the United States, and disloyal persons are not adequately restrained, by the ordinary processes of law, from hindering this measure and from giving aid and comfort in various ways to the insurrection. Now, therefore, be it ordered: First—that, during the existing insurrection, and as a necessary measure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders

and abettors, within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting militia drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice, affording aid and comfort to rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commissions. Second—that the writ of habeas corpus is suspended in respect to all persons arrested, or who are now, or hereafter, during the rebellion, shall be, imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison or other place of confinement, by any military authority or by the sentence of any court martial or military commission."

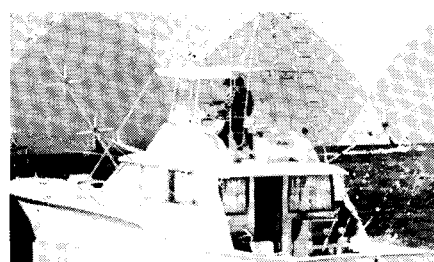
President Lincoln vigorously enforced the martial law declared by this proclamation.

New York, N.Y. C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Cuban Missiles

A recent item in "The Week" [Oct. 20] claimed that the missiles in question during the Cuban missile crisis had a range of "a couple of hundred miles." In fact, however, these missiles were MRBMs, capable of reaching enough populous cities to kill eighty million Americans. Nevertheless your point about the non-reaction to recent Soviet moves in Cuba retains its force—after all, nothing in writing binds the Soviets, as if such a bind would deter them.

Cambridge, Mass. PHILIP COLLINS



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THE WEEK

■ To celebrate Thanksgiving Day, a couple dozen Indians began by burying Plymouth Rock in sand ("A curse on this rock," intoned one of the braves), and then went on to board Mayflower II. Once aboard, they amused themselves by climbing the rigging, tearing down flags, and throwing a mannequin of the master of the original Mayflower into the water. At which point the cavalry was sent for, but the Indians retreated before any arrests were made.

■ New York's Conservative Party, basking in its Buckley victory, continues to shape the politics of the future. In 1968 liberal New York Republicans managed to keep Nixon's name off the Conservative ticket, an ideological exercise which might have cost Nixon the state. But times have changed. Not only did Buckley beat Goodell but Rocky won big by appealing to conservative voters. And if Rocky has discovered where the mainstream flows, Nixon, whose divining rod is no less sure, cannot be far behind. Last November's outcome indicates that a Buckley blessing will bring in the votes; Javits, on the other hand, won't even be running in '72. So it is that in the past week Mr. Nixon has been playing and praying with the leaders of the Conservative Party and plans, no doubt, to appear on the party's line in '72. That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by a prophet, "the Conservative Party will be a major influence in politics for the foreseeable future."

■ For the past dozen years South Africa has been in coventry so far as the independent black states of Africa are concerned. But now, under the outward-looking leadership of Prime Minister John Vorster, that may be changing. A fortnight ago, President Felix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, an able and moderate black African leader, called for a summit conference for the Organization of African Unity to revise the OAU's stand on South Africa. (Its stand is that South Africa must be destroyed.) Houphouët-Boigny had the open support of the President of Gabon and the tacit support of Niger, Dahomey, Upper Volta and Togo. Meanwhile secret negotiations between South Africa and Malagasy (Madagascar) are expected to result in a trade agreement that will be the first step toward formal diplomatic ties. These former French African states are less doctrinaire, less ideological in outlook than the English-speaking countries such as Tanzania, Kenya and Nigeria; more practical. They know that there is gold to be mined in closer dealings with Pretoria. It could be a major breakthrough, and good not only for black Africa, but good for white South Africa, which stand to learn from each other.

■ Syria, a small nation improvised after World War II, has the coup system of government that has been a global fashion for the past generation. Syria's latest was carried out a couple of weeks ago with practiced skill and neatness by the Defense Minister, General Hafez al-Assad, who locked up the President and Premier, Dr. Nureddin al-Attassi, and took over. The impetus this time was the pasting Syrian tanks took from the Jordanian army two months ago. The military and the politicians have argued about whose fault it was, and the military seems to have won.

■ Just who is responsible for the invasion of Guinea? Right off the bat President Sékou Touré said it was the Portuguese, but come to think of it the invaders had come from the Ivory Coast (which is hostile to Guinea) so might it be President Felix Houphouët-Boigny? Absolutely not, said Houphouët-Boigny, me? let revolutionaries use my country as a base? never. Not us, said the Portuguese, and said it and said it and said it. Not so fast, said a team of UN investigators. We have "hard evidence" that only a foreign power with well-organized and well-equipped armed forces could have backed the invasion: and this, by the time the headline writers got through with it, read: "UN INQUIRY SAID TO HAVE EVIDENCE LINKING LISBON TO GUINEA RAID." But couldn't it have been an attempt by the Guinean opposition to topple Touré? We know that 600,000 of them (out of a population of four million) have taken refuge in neighboring countries in the twelve years of his rule. And the first thing the raiders did was to free political prisoners. They also tried to knock off the head of the Portuguese Guinea (and Cape Verde Is.) Liberation Front, but he was vacationing in Europe at the time. Back to Sékou Touré. Tonight he's announcing on Radio Conakry that the French mercenary, Col. Jean Schramme, of Congo fame, was one of the leaders of the expedition—which stood up as a story only until a newsman found Schramme innocently tending his *choux* on his farm outside of Brussels. The *Daily World* (Communist) in New York had no trouble identifying the culprit. "The organizer, the paymaster, the military headquarters of the invasion of Guinea is the CIA and the Pentagon," it reported Nov. 24. (In Equatorial Africa, forty Portuguese were beaten up and then deported to Madrid.) Haile Selassie called the Organization of African Unity into session and its Secretary Diallo Telli (a very bad hombre by the way, watch out for him) announced that the whole thing went back to the bad days of imperialist grabs in Katanga and that guilt for the invasion of Guinea must be shared by those nations whose nationals had served as Congolese mercenaries, namely: Austria, Belgium, Britain, France, Israel, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Rhodesia, South Africa, Spain, Switzerland, the United States and West Germany. Us? We think it was Kwame Nkrumah.

■ According to leading Soviet newspaper *Bakinski Rabochi* (*Baku Worker*), is coming to Great Socialist

Motherland delegations from all over underdeveloped Third World, to learn at first-hand triumphs of GSM in field of offshore oil drilling. For instance: Leader of Nigerian delegation is quoted as saying, "The experience of our Soviet colleagues in the Caspian Sea will be very useful for our own offshore industry. The successes in Azerbaijan show what a high level of scientific and technical progress has been achieved in a short time by your Socialist Republic." Now, says *Bakinski Rabochi*, Nigeria is "taking its first steps toward extracting liquid fuel from offshore areas." So nice. But wait! *Vot kak!* Is filthy capitalist rag *Oil and Gas Journal*. Is saying 1) GSM been drilling in Caspian Sea fifty years, now gets oil in water as deep as two hundred feet, pumps maybe 250,000 bbl/day; 2) Filthy Capitalist Oil Firms routinely drill in offshore waters deep as one thousand feet; 3) FCOF Gulf been drilling offshore in Nigeria since 1964, gets 300,000 bbl/day. Conclusion: *Bakinski Rabochi* not for consumption outside GSM.

■ **The Week on Campus:** At Berkeley, students have formed an IWW chapter. Student Wobblies address one another, believe it or not, as "fellow worker." At the University of Connecticut, the student paper carries a classified ad by a New York-based group called the Council on Abortion Research and Education that offers to help coeds get immediate abortions for \$195 up. At Harpur College, part of the State University of New York system, Herman Nitsch held an art-drama exhibition at which he dismembered a live lamb. The dismemberment, said one department head, left him with "a feeling of inner purification." But several coeds got sick, and janitors threatened to strike if Nitsch didn't clean up the mess. And at Federal City College in Washington, one student group settled a dispute with another over use of college funds by brandishing shotguns. Federal City President Harland Randolph, stung by press criticism, said the clash was a "meaningful learning experience."

■ **Decline-of-the-City Note:** Seeking what an infuriated city official termed "an illusionary respite from the stresses of urban life," General Telephone and Electronics, a major employer, will move its offices from New York City to suburban Connecticut—the latest departure in a parade that has included American Can, Shell Oil, Pepsico and dozens of smaller firms. GT&E officials said the move had nothing to do with the bomb that went off in their building last March; they didn't even mention the rotten mail and telephone service in the City, the impossibility of hiring mentally competent workers and a thousand other ills. Ourselves, we think a law should be passed requiring big corporations to stay right here and enjoy the stresses of urban life with us little guys.

■ **The-Way-We-Live-Now Department:** "New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison arrested New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw, charging that Mr. Shaw conspired to assassinate President John F. Kennedy. Mr. Shaw was

acquitted by a jury. Mr. Garrison then had Mr. Shaw re-arrested on two charges of perjury. Mr. Shaw is suing Mr. Garrison and a host of others. The judge at Mr. Shaw's trial has since been arrested in a motel room where stag movies and loose women are alleged to have exhibited themselves. The principal witness against Mr. Shaw has since been arrested for burglary. Mr. Garrison has since been accused of molesting a thirteen-year-old boy at the New Orleans Athletic Club, which is interesting because Mr. Shaw allegedly had links with the New Orleans homosexual underground. No, this is not a fiction by Gore Vidal. It is a serialized novel on the front pages of our daily newspapers." (John Leonard, *New York Times*, Dec. 1.)

■ Permit us to offer a last-minute nomination for Sore Loser of the Year. "This is not a simple, criminal matter," the plaintiffs' attorney told the jury in his summation. "Black-white relations are implicit in this whole case. . . . If you don't see this as a microcosm of America, then we've failed completely." The case? His clients, three black girls from Manhattanville College, accused young John Dreyfus, son of the founder of the Dreyfus Fund, of assaulting them in the college snack bar. They said he trash-mouthed and slapped one, pushed another, and hit the third with a lamp. A parade of defense witnesses testified that in fact the trio had assaulted Dreyfus with, inter alia, cushions, a chair, a heavy glass ashtray, a metal sugar bowl and a sloppy spoonful of mustard. When the jury found for the defendant, our nominee mourned: "It's not surprising. You can't get a white jury to accept the word of black people against white people." Thus the great William Kuntzler. Funds are being collected to buy him his very own ambulance to chase.

■ "Twenty-five critics invited to a lunchtime premiere at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts found themselves in an empty room. While trying to find some chairs and wondering if they had come to the right place, they were jumped on by an evil looking band of blacks. *It Bees Dat Way* by black playwright Ed Bullins had begun. The men were frisked, the women pawed and their blouses unbuttoned while a black prostitute touted for a customer. The critics were relieved when they heard wailing sirens and saw some cops burst in. A loudspeaker told everyone to stand still. But then the police joined the actors and began groping and mauling the critics. . . . The critics were rounded up and marched into another room where a black cat and white girl were in bed. This was the second play, *Arrest*, by Canadian Victor Corti, in which a black writer is interrogated by the police about his lewd play. When the girl was stripped and held in sexual poses on the bed, American writer Bob Burleson jumped onto the stage to verbally attack the police. He soon found himself the victim of 'police brutality.' The black writer was electrocuted and the white girl whipped unconscious. As the play ended a policeman entered and asked for the proprietor, who he then handcuffed and arrested for staging an obscene

play. Nobody noticed he wasn't a real cop. . . ."—*Rolling Stone*.

■ Calling Women's Lib, Lagos Chapter: "Women wearing lipstick have been barred from taking Holy Communion at some churches in the Nigerian capital," reports Britain's *New Scientist*, "because officials fear frayed marriages and broken households if devout husbands return home with scarlet traces from the chalice round their mouths."

■ *The Alternative*, for several years the journal of the right-wing underground at Indiana University, has gone national with a press run of thirty thousand copies. IU's irrepressible R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. is editor. The current (November) issue offers John R. Coyne Jr. on McSorley's Old Ale House, Daniel P. Moynihan on student paranoia, Gary North on the "love" ethic, "George Nathan" on academic freedom, and lots, lots more. The magazine is thoughtful, well-written, attractive, and fun to read. If you'd like to subscribe (\$4 a year) or if you can't find it on your campus newsstand, write *The Alternative*, c/o The Establishment, Rural Route 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

■ Out in Los Angeles, there's a researcher named Pogrud who likes to get rats drunk. He exposed a bunch of them to the same amount of carbon monoxide that LA Freeway motorists breathe, then offered them a choice between water and booze. They chose the booze. Which probably proves something. The late, great W. C. Fields would have said it proves that carbon monoxide increases intelligence.

The Plan Nobody Loves

The Senate Finance Committee has voted against the Administration's long-suffering Family Assistance Plan; rejection by the Senate itself becomes almost certain. In the course of its nineteen months' gestation, this project for reform of the nation's admittedly horrible welfare apparatus, which got a widely favorable welcome at the beginning, has managed to lose nearly all its friends, both left and right.

It is said that the Right finds the plan too expensive, and the Left, too cheap. This is doubtless part of the truth, but the issues are more complex. As originally conceived and presented, this plan was to be a first stage in adopting and adapting the principle of the negative income tax. The rationale of the negative income tax depends upon its becoming not one more welfare course added to all the rest, but the replacement for the entire rickety, jerry-built welfare colossus that has been pieced together out of scraps and odds and ends over the past two generations. This condition, compromised by the original bill, was obliterated in the course of its snail-like journey through the congressional intestine. The bill as currently before the Senate is merely another tumor on



Darcy

Newsday, Inc.

The New Yorker

the bulbous welfare body. There is thus no longer any justification in principle for the bill, and no reason for any congressional bloc to feel enthusiastic enough about it to go all-out to get it passed.

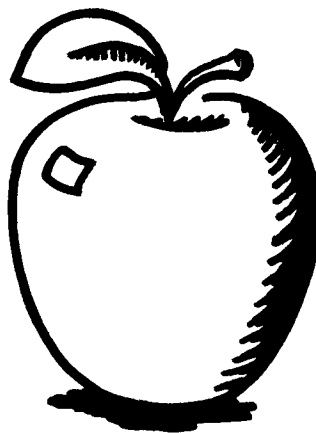
Reflecting on the history of this bill, we are led to wonder whether it may not be the simplicity and directness of the negative income idea that make legislators and politicians sheer away from it. Each of the multitudinous protuberances, layers, additions and appendices of the existing welfare programs gives expression and nourishment to some special group or interest; and for the welfare bureaucracy itself—which by now numbers in the millions for the nation as a whole—the more of them, and the more complicated, the better. If so, it is as utopian to expect Congress to "solve the welfare mess" as to suppose that the ICC will revive the railroads.

A Clear Voice Can Be Heard Forever

One factor alone keeps the disgrace of the "Simas incident" from being total: the performance of the Voice of America. Without any weaseling or cover-up, VOA not only promptly told the world, inclusive of the Soviet Union and the other Communist nations, the truth about this shameful business, but reported also on the shocked astonishment of the American people. "The Russians were permitted to board the U.S. Coast Guard cutter, beat up the seaman who had taken refuge on board and

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appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

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"BASIC-H" an organically grown cleaner for things and people too

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But it's not a detergent. Or even a soap. It's completely organic—made from what food is made from. So it has no harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on network TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and keep it free, even if you later decide to cancel membership.



take him back to the Soviet vessel. . . . The incident has caused an explosion of feeling here. The idea of refusing political asylum is abhorrent to Americans. The idea of the Coast Guard cutter's captain and crew allowing the Soviet sailors to board an American ship on such a brutal mission is equally repulsive." Well-chosen words those, "abhorrent" and "repulsive."

The President has called for a "very full and immediate investigation." We propose the addition: "and public." There is nothing in this Soviet-American palaver over yellow-tail flounder fishing, out of which the incident arose, that requires secrecy. What is in order is blazing and pitiless publicity. Handing back the defector and allowing him to be beaten senseless by *Soviet sailors on a U.S. vessel* were not sudden impulsive acts. The affair was spread over a period of ten hours, during which not only the Coast Guard's district commander but its commandant in Washington and the State Department were informed and consulted. Something smells very rotten here. At the very least, the indoctrination of high officers and officials of our government on dealing with the Soviets is fearfully defective.

Hickel's Game Plan

Walter Hickel was fired for several reasons, two of them being that he was an atrocious administrator and that his relations with Congress were extremely poor. But it would be disingenuous to argue that either of these was the primary reason. As the Alaskans who have watched him for years know, Hickel was fired because he wanted to be fired, but, from his point of view, at precisely the wrong moment.

Last May, when Hickel leaked his famous anti-Administration letter to three newspapers before the President himself saw it, the game plan became obvious. It was a time of great national stress, during which the President worked feverishly to hold the country together, and Hickel's denunciation hit like a bullet in the back. His action shocked the Administration and puzzled its critics. But Alaskans understood what he was up to. Hickel has long been afflicted with hubris. His intention since landing in Washington has been to return to Alaska, run for the Senate, then return to Washington, the champion of liberals and conservationists and kids everywhere, and take over the long-vacant leadership of the liberal wing of the Republican Party. His opposition to Nixonian policies would have delivered the necessary national constituency, their eternal loyalty guaranteed by Nixon's cruel decision to fire Hickel, an obvious act of repressive dissent-stifling. In Alaska, his election would have been certain. Until recently he owned the Republican organization, and his strong conservationist stand would have insured the support of the old Ernest Gruening constituency, a small but still-powerful group in Alaska.

And so the scene was set last spring. But then came the accident. Hickel tripped over the Trans-Alaska pipeline, which was to have run from Alaska's Arctic North

Slope to the port of Valdez, south of Anchorage. There was enough oil in the Arctic, said the oil companies, to float the whole state and release it from its long-standing dependence on federal charity. Overnight Alaskan cities became boom towns. The companies brought in millions of dollars worth of equipment. Merchants borrowed huge sums on the strength of expected pipeline-related profits. Communities invested heavily in roads and new construction.

And then the incredible happened. Walter Hickel, one of Alaska's own, bowed to conservationist pressure and refused, when he still had the opportunity, to sign the authorization for pipeline construction to begin. As the summer passed and the long northern winter drew nearer, Alaska sank into the most profound economic depression in its history. Unemployment figures are staggering, bankruptcies increase alarmingly, and the oil companies talk increasingly of abandoning the whole business. And rightly or wrongly, Hickel is blamed, not only by businessmen but also by liberal Democrats who suddenly have discovered that their economic well-being may after all be more important than migrating caribou.

Hickel, once the state's most popular politician, is now the object of execration. The depth of his unpopularity can be measured by the upset defeat of his hand-picked candidate for governor, then-incumbent Keith Miller, by William Egan, a relic from territorial days who a few months earlier had been given no chance at all.

And so, say Alaskans, Hickel blew it. His future in Alaskan politics is nonexistent. He got himself fired, but at precisely the moment when he found that his game plan would require drastic revision and began to hint that the pipeline would go through after all. Alaskans aren't shedding many tears for Walter Hickel. Good politicians must after all be gamblers.

How Many Chinas?

A majority of this year's General Assembly voted in favor of the Algerian motion to oust Free China from membership and replace her with Communist China. Because the majority was less than the two-thirds required under a previous motion, the proposal did not carry this year, but it is generally believed that a settlement cannot be put off beyond 1971.

Talk and rumors from Washington indicate that the Nixon Administration is shifting to a "two-Chinas policy": that is, to UN membership for both Peking and Taipei, with Peking (though that is left unsaid) presumably to get the permanent China seat in the Security Council. The two-Chinas policy has long been popular in many quarters, but there are at least two awkward difficulties with it: Both Taipei and Peking have repeatedly said that they will have none of it. Chiang Kai-shek's government has in the last few weeks again put its refusal in unequivocal language, and has emphasized its firmness by withdrawing all representatives from Canada and Italy immediately following those nations' announcement that they were recognizing Peking.

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It is natural that each China should take an uncompromising stand for bargaining purposes, and it is hard to know in advance if this is for bargaining only, or for keeps. But at this point, at any rate, the changing U.S. policy on China finds itself in an impasse. Once more we learn that a willingness on our part to compromise with Communists is not enough to produce a compromise. It may be that the older U.S. stand of unconditional refusal to recognize Communist China or accept its membership in the UN is played out. Nevertheless, it would be a base betrayal if this were permitted to lead, by a series of half thought-out steps, to the ditching of Free China. We hope the Nixon Administration is entirely clear about where our primary obligation lies. It might be a good idea, from this point on, to think rather less of the problem of Communist China and considerably more about Free China's future.

The Politics of Rescue

There has just been issued by the Rutgers University Press—and you will undoubtedly be hearing a great deal more about it—Henry L. Feingold's *The Politics of Rescue: The Roosevelt Administration and the Holocaust 1938-1945*. The point of the book, a detailed and scholarly work, is that FDR didn't even *try* to save the European Jews from their fate at the hands of the Nazis. From 1938 until 1945 factions within the U.S. Government pulled first one way then another; FDR searched vaguely for possible sanctuaries in Africa and Latin America; during the last two years of the war desperate plans were laid before him: Bomb the camps; Bomb the freight trains heading for the camps; *Do something! Do anything!* In the end, the Great Activist did nothing. The Lion-and-the-Fox fiddled while the babies burned.

Commentary's book club has made Feingold's study a club selection, and, in reviewing it, *Jewish Book News*

underlined Feingold's message: "The Story Behind America's Moral Abdication."

Even as Feingold's book was arriving in the bookstores, another American President was attempting a rescue operation of his own, at Son Tay in North Vietnam. There are some differences, of course, but perhaps not so many as there appear to be at first glance. The prisoners did not, presumably, face executions; but the Communists are using them as hostages; they will discuss the prisoners only when the Administration sets a deadline for total American withdrawal from South Vietnam. But the key fact is that America does not plan to withdraw totally. Enough air power and support elements will remain to enable the ARVN to maintain firepower superiority over the enemy. So, therefore, there is no present prospect, and none in the foreseeable future, for negotiating the prisoners' release. It could be a life sentence, under conditions not conducive to long life. And how was Nixon's moral non-abdication received? It was an "abortive exercise in military theatrics" that "raises additional questions about those directing United States policy," and it certainly in no way "justifies the bombing" (*New York Times*). Senator Fulbright led a whole flock of reproachful doves: "It is certainly a very provocative act to mount a physical invasion. It may lead to other things, who knows." And the *New York Post's* Pete Hamill exercised his Voltairean wit by suggesting that the President staged the whole thing so that he could display the prisoners at the White House on Thanksgiving.

Thus, even as FDR was being condemned by Feingold and his reviewers for *not* trying to rescue foreign nationals, for whom he had no legal responsibility, Nixon was being condemned for trying to rescue members of the armed services whose commander in chief he is.

Other Americans who wish to do what they can to help the prisoners can contact the POW-MIA League, 1 Constitution Avenue N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, and the League for Families of American Prisoners in Southeast Asia, P.O. Box 9791, San Diego, Calif. 92109.

Bottoms Up

No liberal has stooped to libel
Jane's Fighting Ships, the sailor's bible.
Jane's neither ridicules nor blesses;
 It never guesses or assesses.
 Though naval, *Jane's* is never martial:
 They're simply, utterly, impartial.
 A reader could have read how thinly
 The Spanish fleet opposed McKinley.
 While Wilhelm railed against his cousin,
 Decreeing dreadnoughts by the dozen,
Jane's calmly cataloged the navies
 And never (never!) mentioned Davy's.
 Who's next for Mr. Jones' locker?
 Read *Jane's* and wonder. It's a shocker.

W. H. VON DREELE

Split in the Family?

Along about 1959 or 1960 a kind of sea-change occurred in the New York intellectual scene. The "family"—Norman Podhoretz' metaphor for the small but important circle of New York intellectuals—had been anti-Stalinist in the 1950s, and, though not conservative, at least pro-American and critical of political illusion. A conservative could find much to agree with, for example, in Leslie Fiedler's *An End to Innocence*, and this was a representative book of the period. Other books, too, fell in with the prevailing mood and were devastatingly critical of liberal illusion and sentimentality: Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination*, the numerous works of Sidney Hook and Reinhold Niebuhr. Only a minority held out in one form or another of unreconstructed radicalism: Irving Howe in *Dissent* presided over one strand of dissidents; Old Leftists

like Maxwell Geismar, totally isolated, spent their passion in diatribe against Henry James.

But at the end of the Fifties the "family" radicalized itself. A number of younger figures emerged (Susan Sontag, Norman Podhoretz, Jason Epstein, Noam Chomsky), some older radicals came in out of the cultural cold (Paul Goodman, Norman Mailer, C. Wright Mills), and the majority of erstwhile anti-Stalinists and critical liberals suddenly metamorphosed: Fiedler, Riesman, Rahv, Macdonald, McCarthy, Dupee etc. In most cases the radicalization was in fact a re-radicalization, for many of the "family" had been Communists or Trotskyites in an earlier phase. Now, during the Sixties, the old radical emotions came flooding back, frequently in some sort of relationship to the Castro triumph; for Castro presented an attractive amalgamation of the Communist, the Bohemian and, somehow, the Artist. In connection with Vietnam, this shift was reinforced. Even for a younger figure like Sontag, Sixties radicalization represented a return to emotions that had been repressed culturally during the Fifties, but which earlier had been dominant: In *Styles of Radical Will* she records her sense of relief at being able to use again words like "imperialism," and return, Proust-like, to an earlier phase when she had read *PM*, campaigned for Wallace, read the Webbs and Lamont, and gone to movies at the American-Soviet Friendship Society.

Commentary Magazine has been a perfect symbol of these shifts in mood. During the Fifties it was analytical and anti-Communist; during the Sixties, under Podhoretz, it suddenly became sentimental and New Leftist. As part of these developments, of course, the *New York Review of Books* became a principal organ of the New—and vituperatively anti-American—Left.

Right now, as the Seventies get under way, yet another shift appears to be occurring within this group. The current issue of *Commentary*, to cite only one symptom, features a scathing analysis by sociologist Dennis Wrong of the pop-revolutionism and anti-intellectualism of the *New York Review*. His article is utterly definitive. Podhoretz himself, after a decade as editor, has moved to the right, his comments on radicalism becoming acerbic. *Public Interest*-type liberals, preeminently Irving Kristol himself, seem now to set the tone of *Commentary*'s discussion of "urban" problems. And in a book just out, *Remembering the Answers*, Nathan Glazer, a Harvard sociologist who collaborated with David Riesman on *The Lonely Crowd* and with Daniel P. Moynihan on *Beyond the Melting Pot*, records his own current deradicalization.

These current shifts within the "family" are probably traceable to three principal causes: 1) the campus revolution, and especially the rape of Columbia, a prime locus of family cultural power—though events at Berkeley and Harvard are important too; 2) the vituperative anti-semitism of such radical groups as the Panthers, plus the equivocal attitude of liberalism to such Negro-Jewish-confrontations as the New York school strike; 3) the fact that Israel now happens to be the most prominent target of Soviet aggression and New Left animus.

The problem that arises in connection with these wanderings into and out of radicalism is that they tend to be excessively "cultural"—that is, matters of mood and accident, traceable to, at best, fortuitous occurrences in the objective world. They are insufficiently rooted in serious political realities, in general principle, or coherent intellectual tradition. The result is that with each shift the New York intellectuals undergo a kind of lesion of intellectual legitimacy. The suspicion intrudes that, though these people are intellectuals or they are nothing, it matters less and less what positions they are taking intellectually. In a symbolic vignette, Nathan Glazer recalls that at the beginning of the Sixties he—at that point radical—enthusiastically cheered a speech given by Castro in New York. But, muses Glazer ten years later, who knew what he was saying?

Pruitt-Igoe, RIP

So—the press informed us last month, with hair-raising background detail—they are starting to board up Pruitt-Igoe, the nation's Number One slum. Pruitt-Igoe was 57 acres of physical and social devastation in the center of St. Louis, a perpetual nightmare for its inhabitants. Not even rents of \$20 a month could persuade people to live there; in the end, only punks, hoodlums, drug addicts and unfortunates too weak or terrified to move were left. No one lucky enough to live somewhere else could drive through that urban jungle, gazing up at bank after bank of shattered glass, steering around the carcasses of aban-



"All we like sheep . . ."
(Mr. Kunstler rehearses the Kent State choir)

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

As '72 creeps closer, the economic issue refuses to fade away. The White House continues to drop pregnant little hints about wage and price "restraints," but no one really believes the Administration is seriously considering controls. Controls are anathema to the Council of Economic Advisers, and a hands-off policy has long been one of the Administration's credos. Furthermore, wage-price controls would be neither enforceable nor effective.

"There's very little the President can do," says one source close to the Council of Economic Advisers and the Treasury Department. "Either you have a stringently drawn-up set of restraints backed by Congress or you do nothing. The power of persuasion is much overrated." The comparison to the "persuasive" wage-price policy of former British Prime Minister Harold Wilson is inescapable: Wilson failed to hold down inflation even with a blue-ribbon panel to vet wage and price hikes.

Though the President won't seek official controls, we'll continue to hear a great deal more about "restraint" and "moderation"; critics contend that the talk will serve no good purpose. One economic seer comments: "Those who use the term 'income policy' without proposing concrete, specific programs, are irresponsible."

■ After inflation, unemployment is the Administration's greatest worry. Many Administration officials, including members of the Council of Economic Advisers, continue to put a good public face on the prospects for reducing unemployment to "an acceptable level" by 1972. But realistic prognosticators within the government are not optimistic.

Unemployment has jumped 2.2 per cent since President Nixon came into office (from 3.4 per cent two years ago to 5.6 per cent in October), and Washington economists believe the unemployment figure will go over 6 per cent for at least a few months of 1971. The critical question is: Will it be possible to have full employment (4 per cent to 4½ per cent unemployed) by November 1972?

Administration economics experts are genuinely worried about the Scylla-Charybdis situation. If on the one hand, the Administration acts to alleviate unemployment, it could suffer at the polls because of the resultant inflation. If it does nothing about unemployment, then it could pay the price anyway: The electorate will not tolerate a huge jobless work force.

Some in government, such as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Murray Weidenbaum, favor a structured income policy. But they are a minority. Other observers believe that the Administra-

tion should take a realistic view of the situation. They believe current economic policies will lead to an upturn in the general economic picture by late 1971. But in the meantime, they say, Administration spokesmen should refrain from painting rosy pictures for 1972.

One critic of the current public show of official optimism commented: "Every Democratic politician is collecting statements about full employment and acceptable rates of inflation in 1972. We will be moving toward both goals by 1972, but we won't have attained either. The way the Administration is talking now will make us look like false prophets then."

The same critic recommended a more restrained public stance. "What we can say is that by 1972 we will be well launched on a safe and solid road toward the twin goals of full employment and price stability. In other words, the rates of change will be favorable, with both the unemployment rate and the various indices of inflation consistently trending lower. But to imply that we will have achieved acceptable *levels* in these areas by 1972 is practically suicidal."

Most economists in Washington believe the Administration's optimism about the economic outlook is justified. But, as many point out, the urge to be overoptimistic in public may cause serious difficulties later on.

—CATO

doned, gutted cars, without feeling a chill run down his spine.

Pruitt-Igoe was one of the nation's largest and (in the beginning) most trumpeted public-housing projects. It comprised 43 high-rise apartment buildings, built in 1955 at a cost to the government of \$36 million. It is public housing at its worst, a monument to the monstrosities that can be created when Big Government, do-goodism and bad design meet, as they so often do. One might have thought that the bureaucrats, do-gooders and shoddy architects would have learned their lesson from this disaster, but the dying Pruitt-Igoe now gets headlines only because of its size. All over the country, in every large city, there are smaller replicas in varying stages of decay.

Slums are people, and it takes only a minor fraction of the inhabitants of a neighborhood to turn it into a slum. The broken windows, missing lightbulbs, stolen fixtures, fallen plaster and mounds of refuse are not the cause of crime and unemployment, as many of the apologists for public housing maintain. They are the result, rather, of the lifestyle of a hard-core minority who are, in Edward Banfield's illuminating phrase, so "present-oriented" that

no amount of creature comforts will dissuade them from their campaigns of destruction and terror. The trashing of buildings and the assassination of policemen cannot be stopped with hot baths and central air-conditioning for teen-age hoodlums.

In a decaying area of southeast Washington called Anacostia there are three high-rise apartments inhabited by a controlled mixture of blacks, whites, welfare cases, working poor and middle-income government employees. The rents of some of the residents are paid by the Federal Government; the mortgages are government-subsidized. The buildings are, however, owned by a private partnership and managed by a man who personally selects each tenant and who enforces strict rules of behavior with frequent threats of eviction. There are no rent strikes, tenant unrest or maintenance problems. The manager gets paid \$40,000 a year for his trouble.

Viable alternatives to Pruitt-Igoe are not beyond imagining. It could be that something like the program that harnessed the energies of private entrepreneurs to yield those three successful buildings in Anacostia is one of them.

Guidelines to Where?

With publication of "Inflation Alert #2," the Administration seems to have succumbed in some degree to the rising clamor for what is lately being called "an incomes policy." An incomes policy is what came to be known in Lyndon Johnson's day as "jawboning": i.e., verbal scolding by government officials, agencies or commissions as a method for keeping wages and prices down, thus dampening inflation.

It may be from a political point of view, especially after a massively publicized incomes policy proposal by the powerfully sponsored Committee for Economic Development, the President had no choice but to go along, at least in words. We shall hope that he and his advisers do not expect any incomes policy or policies they may adopt to accomplish anything other than, perhaps, to assign inflationary blame to the politically convenient targets and to take some of the heat off their own necks. An incomes policy is one of those numerous economic panaceas that no one seems to get tired of advocating, though they invariably fail to work. It was tried under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and accomplished nothing both times. It has been tried in many European countries, most notably and often in Britain, and has always abysmally flopped. This is not hard to understand. If managers and workers keep prices or wages down "voluntarily" (i.e., in response to psychological pressure from officialdom) below what is justified economically, then the net result is going to be further distortions, as the industries concerned try to adjust to the malformations that have been introduced.

If Mr. Nixon wants to take government actions that might really have some effect in ordering the economy and lessening inflation, he will, instead of introducing the new restrictions of an incomes policy, act to remove some of the present restraints: that is, will veto the proposals for quotas (as designed) on imports, call for application of antimonopoly and anticoercion rules to national unions, begin getting rid of subsidies, opening up freer international trade all along the line.

Who, Us?

The Brothers Berrigan, members of a two-man Disorder, eke out a monastic existence at Danbury, Connecticut. But the prayers which arise from the Federal Correctional Institution there have worldly implications. J. Edgar Hoover has identified the convicted priests as leaders of a militant antiwar group plotting to kidnap a high government official. The organization, called the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives, also plans, according to Mr. Hoover, to disrupt operations of the Federal Government by blowing up underground electrical conduits and steam pipes in Washington, D.C.

"Not true at all," proclaimed one admitted member of the Conspiracy. What's not true? Not true that the

group exists and not true that the Berrigans are members of the group? What group? The group that doesn't exist, according to the admitted member. Member of what?

At the Danbury Monastery the non-members of the non-Conspiracy say they have "neither the facilities nor personnel to conduct such an enterprise" as Hoover described. Nevertheless, the government official thought to be the object of the plot has been accompanied in public recently by a security man. Which is proof, no doubt, only of the efficacy of prayer.

Solzhenitsyn

Prudently, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has informed Swedish authorities that, no thanks, he won't be traveling to Stockholm to accept the 1970 Nobel Prize for Literature. His decision, he said, was based on "personal reasons," i.e., his well-founded conviction that if he ever left the Soviet Union he wouldn't be allowed back in.

And what, you might ask, would be so terrible about that? After all, considering the number of people who even now leap, run, crawl and swim away from the Soviet Union, you have the impression that were it not for the walls, barbed wire, land mines, checkpoints and machine guns, there probably wouldn't be anyone living in the Soviet Union at all. Why doesn't Solzhenitsyn shake the dust from his feet, take his prize and his \$78,000 prize money, and live in Paris? The Soviet regime, after all, has taken due notice of his talents by jailing him for eight years, kicking him out of the writers' union, banning his books in Russia, denouncing his Nobel Prize—letting him know by these and other subtle hints that his presence in the country is not considered exactly indispensable.

The point is that as a writer and a patriot, Solzhenitsyn has a peculiarly painful dilemma. Living in Paris or London he would be cut off from his language, his material and the roots of his experience. Few writers can really function well as exiles, even function at all; and

Stamp Out FAP

I take my pen in hand to pan
The Family Assistance Plan.
For reasons known to him alone,
The President's been on the 'phone
And on the stump and on the air
Exhorting everyone to "care."
That's nice, but FAP will not assure
Salvation for the working poor.
FAP won't make welfare fade away;
The workfare bit is pure display.
At taxes time, who takes the rap?
Us chickens do. Let's stamp out FAP.

W. H. VON DREELE

not many circumstances can match in pathos those small groups of Polish, Hungarian and other Eastern European writers adrift and more or less unread in the metropolises of the West.

But then the Soviet reality is itself almost unendurable. The best stories, poems and novels cannot be published; they circulate among the writer's friends in manuscript. The best paintings cannot be exhibited, excellent films remain unseen, musicians play for small circles of intimates. And prison, labor camp and Siberia are ever-present possibilities. The atmosphere is literally Kafka. As the famous cellist Mstislav Rostropovich put it, "You are referred to the fact that opinions exist, that the work is not recommended. It is impossible to establish where this opinion exists and whose it is." It is not surprising, therefore, that the principal motif of Solzhenitsyn's work has the character of an excruciating dilemma: What sacrifices will you endure in order to stay alive and continue to function? Is there a price beyond which life is not worth living?

Notes

& — Asides

■ *Newsday*
Garden City, N.Y.
Dear Bill:

November 16, 1970

Many thanks for not including me in your Central Park celebration of NATIONAL REVIEW's Fifteenth Anniversary. Your public readings from *Newsday* etc. on the doleful meaning to the Republic of the election of your brother, as reported by Israel Shenker of the *Times*, might have compelled me to stalk out with whatever dignity I could muster—something I have not done since the opening of a Mongolian cultural exhibition in Conakry in 1963. After the usual expressions of eternal friendship (based on long-standing cultural cooperation) between the Guinean and Mongolian peoples, the orators digressed into a denunciation of genocide and other international torts and misdeeds being committed by your ambassador's then employers. Since the only refreshments available were Mainland Chinese brandy and local (nationalized) soda pop, I had been hoping for a pretext to get away—which I'm sure would not have been the case at your party.

My invitation to you to visit your major Long Island outlet at any time of your choosing still stands. Parts of our building look as if they had been designed by a family of moles, but I will have a bar and dining room in operation by January, with a private entrance for controversial personalities. Yours,

Wm. Attwood, President and Publisher

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I wonder if you could help me? I

want to give my son Alistair your book, *The President Lizabeth* and not one book shop has it. Would you send me one? COD? Sincerely,

Madeleine Fraser, Montreal, Quebec

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

After doing some investigating at Washington University, where I am attending as a freshman, I recently discovered that the Student Union is subsidizing Women's Liberation with a financial grant of \$2,615. Recognizing that it is wrong to subsidize any special interest group, I proceeded to form my own in order to make my point. I called my organization SOMACH (SOciety for the advancement of MALE CHauvinism) and printed up the enclosed leaflet. However, in order to receive the subsidy, I must first prove national membership. Prospective members should send in their names and addresses to: SOMACH, Box 4495, 6515 Wydown Blvd., Clayton, Mo. 63105 along with a written statement testifying to their devout belief in the superiority of the male sex.

Mr. Buckley, you have been chosen to serve as National Chairman of the SOMACH Advisory Board. Would you please send to SOMACH a reply to our offer. Chauvinistically yours,

Steven Loewy, National Chairman

Mark Irwin, National Treasurer

Dear Sirs: I shall have to ask the permission of the Managing Editor. Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On behalf of the Yale Chapter of Young Americans for Freedom, I must advise you that this injudicious neologizing of yours has got to stop. Some concoctions, Latin-Greek hybrids like "centripetalization" and "immanentization," do grievously offend the sensibilities of the well-tempered etymologist. In my journeys through the formidable *Oxford English Dictionary*, I have found a perfectly serviceable equivalent for the first of these two monsters: "omphalization." Omphalocracy, the Oxonian says, is that philosophy of government which stresses centralized rule; proper etymological technique allows the creation of omphalization. The word, by the way, derives from the Greek *omphalos*, meaning the navel. As to the second abnormality, good Latin technique forswears "immanentization" in favor of "immansification." Since you no doubt understand the subtleties of the italic tongue, there should remain not the slightest justification for using such horrid words as "immanentization," "routinization," etc.

Pope was right:

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense:

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Let us purge from our speech these "goddam" words, which, in their manifest lack of sense, induce only cacophony to cultured writing. With highest regard,

Richard E. Band, Chairman

Dear Mr. Band: On the other hand, what does the OED say about the condition of your ear? Best, —WFB

THE GREAT RETREAT



THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Suppose we ask: What, in the widest sense, is the current strategic posture of the United States? Once we open our eyes, we can have little doubt of the answer: withdrawal, retreat, on every front, in every field. Not merely defense ("containment"). Retreat.

Many of us overlook the fact of universal retreat because we do not expand our focus to take in the pattern as a whole, and because within each separate sector the withdrawal is covered by one or another sort of verbal camouflage. In Southeast Asia it is called not "retreat" but "Vietnamization." The cut-back, perhaps liquidation, of the SST is not a bugout but a responsible concern for the environment. Naval craft get laid up as part of the struggle against inflation. And so on.

What counts is the vector, the direction of motion. No one can dispute that we are moving out of (i.e., retreating from) Vietnam, not moving in (i.e., advancing). Is our space program—the greatest enterprise ever undertaken by our country—expanding or contracting? It wouldn't take an unemployed aerospace scientist, engineer or technician more than a tenth of a second to answer that one.

The Navy is scrapping or laying up ships by the hundreds, building them by twos and threes. When a handful of hot-headed soldiers in a desert semi-nation order us out of a strategically situated air base on which we have spent hundreds of millions, we don't even argue; we run away, tail between legs. Rickety Latin American juntas grab the mines, oil wells and installations that exist solely because of our expertise, work and money. We don't even think of resistance; we pack up and leave. Month by month, without public fanfare, our battalions slip away from Western Europe. At a frown from a Latin American Marxist, we give up the critical station built on a remote island over which he claims jurisdiction, and prepare to get

out of the great astronomical complex our brains and wealth have been constructing high in the local mountains for the enlightenment of all men.

Brains into Reverse

Covering our negativism by demagogic ecology claptrap, we are on the verge of surrendering our historical predominance in air transport. We watch passively as the Soviet Union first matches and then surpasses our strategic weapons power. We sail idly in circles as, in one water after another, new Soviet warcraft enter to challenge our aging ships. We hardly notice as the cadres of our incomparable aerospace industry—source and foundation of our scientific-technological primacy—dissolve into idleness. The "brain drain" that for two decades drew to us tens of thousands of the most talented and vigorous scientists, engineers and technicians from all the rest of the world, is reversing.

It is difficult to name a major sector of national activity—geographic, military, diplomatic, economic, social, scientific, technical—on which we are holding, not to speak of advancing; the great retreat is almost universal. There is no lack of explanation: "We can't be global policeman"; "we must rearrange our priorities"; "we have to stop polluting"; "curing our cities is more important than going to the planets"; "we must make recompense for our generations of guilt"; "we must liquidate our disguised imperialism"; "we can't impose our interests on others"; "we must give up the arrogance of power"; "we've got to strengthen the dollar"; "foreign adventures and space projects will bankrupt us"; "we can't save those who won't try to save themselves"; etc. etc. However convincing any one of these may be made to seem when taken by itself, viewed in their entirety they are transparent derivations (in Pareto's sense), rationalizations. They obscure but do not alter the effective reality: the vector of U.S. withdrawal, general retreat.

The retreat of the U.S. is the more striking because our main rivals are not retreating but continuing to advance. However awkward their performance in this or that field, the Soviet Union, China and Japan are thrusting upward and outward all along the line. They are not cutting down, pulling back, putting in mothballs.

Of all currently faddish beliefs, perhaps the most illusory is the revived isolationist dream that the U.S. can cut its "involvement" with the rest of the world and attain happiness, well-being and love by concentrating efforts and wealth on the domestic problems of poverty, ignorance, crime, urban decay etc. The truth is, rather, the opposite. The great retreat marks a decline in the nation's energy that makes us less likely to get anywhere with these domestic problems—as is manifestly the case. But apart from that somber truth, it is absurd to suppose that just because we should stop "interfering" with others, they would stop interfering with us. Does anyone really believe that if we pulled our Sixth Fleet out of the Mediterranean, the Kremlin would pull out its Mediterranean fleet?

If Not Libya, What?

In the life of all nations there are successive up and down cycles for the various sectors and for the whole, until the last dip begins. If we have not yet reached that end phase, there will have to be some sort of reversal soon, in at least one or two sectors if not the whole. A month ago in *NR* (Nov. 17) Charles Benson proposed a dramatic and sweeping method for reversal in a decisive sector: the seizure of Libya. The response indicates (not unexpectedly) that most people considered this proposal either outrageous or unserious. Why so? Once you get your mind out of prevailing stereotypes, what is so absurd about this project? And if you think it absurd but are not yet reconciled to permanent retreat, how about coming up with something better? □

*Another liberal fantasy bites the dust:
that Nonproliferation Treaty isn't worth a hoot in hell,
says the author—it handcuffs the U.S., nobody else.
Proliferation, anyone?*

Notes on the Proliferation Non-Treaty

LOWELL PONTE

MOST TREATIES are fine as abstractions but poor as concrete commitments, the reason being that nations tend to view treaties as statements of common interest, not as binding contracts. Thus, as David Fromkin recently noted in the journal *Foreign Affairs*, treaties are overvalued, since “where identity of interests exists between the parties, a treaty usually is not necessary; where it does not exist, often a treaty is not kept.”

With that in mind, one turns to the Nonproliferation Treaty (NPT), a concoction of the United States and Soviet Union, the two atomic “superpowers,” which seeks to gain promises from the non-nuclear powers of the world that they will not obtain atomic weapons. Since the treaty gives no assurance that the five existing nuclear nations will give up their atomic armaments, one can only wonder how in the world it could be, in the interest of a small nation to give up the option to “go nuclear.” What such a nation would have to gain is vague at best; what it would have to lose is the opportunity to stand on the same diplomatic plane with the five atomic powers. It is little wonder that several of those nations with the best technological capability to join the nuclear club—West Germany, Japan, India, Israel and Italy—have been reluctant to sign the NPT.

The motives of the superpowers make a bit better sense. If the proliferation of atomic weaponry into new hands can be checked, then their diplomatic, military and commercial positions logically will be stronger.

In particular, Soviet motives seem clear, as can be seen from the list of potential club members just given. All the nations capable of gaining atomic weapons through their own technologies in the next decade are either strictly neutral



or pro-Western; no Soviet-leaning country even distantly approaches such potential except Rumania and East Germany, toward both of which Russia has shown active fear. Proliferation among American allies could offset the atomic-weapons advantage the Soviets have spent 20 per cent of their Gross National Product in recent years to achieve.

American motives, by comparison, seem downright dubious. Presumably driven by desires for peace, tranquility and world stability, we have applied a great deal of diplomatic and economic pressure to many nations, including several allies, to gain signatories to a Nonproliferation Treaty that is clearly in the Soviet interest, vaguely in our interest, and not in the interest of any non-nuclear nation—at least if direct interest is one's concern.

In this country two forces tipped the balance toward NPT advocacy. One was the general worry of the populace over

the horror of nuclear war on the one hand and of constantly rising taxes for defense on the other. The other was the influence of defense intellectuals aligned with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency who saw in the NPT not only a chance to curb the fear of war but also a chance to revive the dying flame of a cause close to their hearts, the U.S.-Soviet détente. The détente, as past NATO Ambassador Harlan Cleveland said, had always been “a fragile courtship with the U.S. pitching most of the woo.” But with the NPT, so to speak, the Soviets had actually called *us* for a date! And hope springs eternal in Foggy Bottom. The Treaty offered a great chance for the two superpowers, in the language of marriage counselors, to show consideration and share common interests.

But the NPT sired of this union has been illusory from the start. From this, the perspective of the 25th anniversary of mankind's first atomic test, one can already easily predict that partly in spite of the Nonproliferation Treaty, and partly because of it, the spread of nuclear weapons will continue at an accelerating rate. And when this proves true, from the view of those at the fiftieth anniversary, the present Strategic Arms Limitation Talks and the NPT both will seem absurdly myopic.

H-Bomb in a Suitcase

The Nonproliferation Treaty, in particular, future generations will understand, was from the American side based upon several misconceptions and fallacies. One surprising preconception was that the road to nuclear weapons would necessarily be about the same for every nation: that, like the U.S. and the USSR, each country would move from costly

research to plutonium acquisition to elaborate testing to expensive development to refined, advanced weapons and delivery systems. Another was that the promise of an American "nuclear umbrella" would dissuade many middling powers such as India, Japan and West Germany from making any high-cost investment in atomic weapons. A third mistaken view was that such nations could be bought off by offering monetary, technical, material or other rewards for compliance with American wishes; or that they could be scared off by threats of sanctions, restrictions or the loss of privileges through government or other interventions, especially against American *ars atomica* corporations. A fourth was that somehow means of inspection and control sufficient to limit nuclear weapons development would emerge from the treaty. Each of these assumptions is, to say the least, questionable.

First, the line of development followed by the U.S. or USSR need not be followed by nuclear newcomers; they can take advantage of knowledge, methods and materials already developed in atomic energy fields, just as they do now in electronics or aviation or other technical areas. Nobody needs to start from scratch nowadays, as Red China proved by conducting a series of uranium-fission tests at a time when U.S. and Soviet experts were questioning her ability to develop a technologically cruder plutonium device. (By 1961 Soviet atomic experts had all been withdrawn from Red China, but the home team was not incompetent; several members, in fact, were educated at Cal Tech.)

Up until the present day the two superpowers have more or less ignored nuclear centrifuge technologies—in America, the AEC forbids work with it by U.S. firms—but Red China has apparently developed them, and by so doing has literally created another road to nuclear weapons materials. Now a West German-Dutch-British combine is developing these technologies as well, and in Japan many scientists are urging their government in centrifugal directions. In Italy the National Laboratory at Frascati has for several years been conducting research into fission-free fusion explosions, a feat not yet achieved; their work, which has shown some heretofore unknown nuclear phenomena, could succeed in making possible an H-bomb—without the now-necessary A-bomb trigger—that could be carried in a suit-

case, the manufacture of which would require not expensive refined uranium but cheaply processed heavy water. Congressman Craig Hosmer, ranking Republican on the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and an expert in the field, recently said he expected that eventually the Frascati experiments would succeed.

How To Build a Bomb

Even if the older path to weapons via plutonium is taken, the beginner these days can find many shortcuts, thanks to earlier work. As early as 1955 the United States Government had been declassifying information on everything from critical-mass figures for fissionable materials down to the last blueprint for its electromagnetic separation processes for uranium enrichment. Such information cost the American taxpayer billions of dollars to obtain but most of it is now available cheap from the U.S. Printing Office. One document, for example, is hard to find but legal to own; dubbed "The Los Alamos Primer," it is the notebook of one of the scientists at the Trinity blast preparation, Robert Serber, and contains notes on critical masses and other vital information used in the making of those early atomic devices. The bargains are there for all comers now. From the Office of Technical Services, U.S. Department of Commerce, for example, one can pick up C. L. Mader's 1963 Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory study *Detonation Properties of Condensed Explosives*, so necessary to weapons detonation specialists; the cost is \$4. From the same source one can get H. C. Paxton's *Critical Dimensions of Systems Containing U235, Pu239, U233*, in paperback for only \$1.75, or his potential best-seller *Critical Data for Nuclear Safety Guidance* for \$2. Some scientists have been heard to joke that the most important atomic-weapons secret leaked out on the Day of Trinity—July 16, 1945—was that an atomic device could explode at all. This is perhaps true, for an average well-educated physicist anywhere in the world knows the fundamentals of atomic weapons; only the refinements, the efficiency factors, are in doubt.

But today, because precise data on critical masses and explosive configurations are available, it is possible to build reliable plutonium weapons without even needing to test them. Thus a highly advanced technological nation like West Germany or Israel could possess dependable nuclear weapons almost as

storage configurations for their surplus plutonium.

Surplus plutonium? It's been around since the first reactor, and by 1980 there may be a lot of it around the world, because plutonium is a byproduct of power reactors. In appropriate configuration, about six kilograms of weapons-grade plutonium are needed to make a fission bomb of the size used on Nagasaki. And here is another fallacy in America's declared public atomic energy policy: It says there is a significant difference between peaceful power reactors and weapons-material-producing military reactors, but in fact both produce weapons-usable plutonium in similar proportion. For example, the emergent Tarapur twin-reactor complex in India, designed for power generation, will create on the side more than two hundred kilograms of plutonium about every nine months. For another, the Dimona Research Reactor in Israel has been operating since 1964; depending on operating technique, it has the capacity to produce five to eight kilograms of weapons-grade plutonium each year (Israel recently claimed to have no such intention, but she permits no inspection of her reactors).

Such nations are protective of their projects in atomic energy, a consideration which led the bigger powers to put strong guarantees of developmental freedom "for peaceful purposes" into the Nonproliferation Treaty. Nevertheless, in India even the Soviet-aligned Communist Party broke with Russian policy to declare that its government should not sign the NPT, because the treaty was "not in India's national self-interest." Israel guards Dimona even more zealously; one Israeli intelligence officer told me that during the Six-Day War anti-aircraft crews near the reactor knowingly shot down one of their own planes because it had strayed into the inviolable airspace over Dimona. India has been known to turn down reactor material sales when strict inspection was part of the deal, and Israel has never permitted inspection worthy of the name of any of her reactor facilities. Doubtless much of this concern comes from the recognition that successful "peaceful" reactor programs are at least eight months pregnant with military potential.

A decade ago the United States tried to improve things by using inflated buying rates to dominate the world plutonium market, a program which had some success; nations that cooperated

made much money, and nations that did not come under economic attack from the United States. (At one point during the Eisenhower Administration our government even threatened to cut off wheat shipments to India if that nation did not limit its incipient nuclear endeavors and sell materials in its hands to us; the hue and cry in this country eventually relieved the pressure on India.)

But Which Plutonium?

In recent years this tactic has lost much of its early success. The reason: countries like Japan, India and West Germany are looking to the early 1980s and the new technologies of the "breeder" reactors that can produce more atomic fuel than they consume. The fuel, originally loaded into such reactors, however, is plutonium; so, many nations now have the incentive and the excuse to stockpile this weapons-usable byproduct of their present power reactors.

Plutonium is funny stuff. As Dr. George Quester of Harvard declared in a 1967 issue of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, it is unclear what inspectors from the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), empowered by the Nonproliferation Treaty with reactor overseeing, could rightfully denounce as weapons material. Said he: "If the plutonium is stored to be fed back into a reactor, it remains civilian: should anyone squeeze it so as to make it explode, it would be a bomb, but perhaps not until then."

The NPT provides that individual countries or groups of countries can negotiate their own inspection terms with the IAEA, and this leaves the door open for many difficulties. Euratom, the European atomic-energy agency, has already attacked IAEA and declared that its cooperation will be limited: Euratom, considered by many to have stricter standards than IAEA anyway, has always been hostile to the UN-related agency, but that hostility has never in the past dampened U.S. relations with Euratom—this despite repeated attempts by IAEA to gain U.S. help in regulating the European Six. Since Euratom has taken this line of high resistance, powers like Japan are likely to follow suit and bargain for whatever special concessions they can get.

Countries complain openly that IAEA inspections open their reactors to pry-

ing. Capitalist governments argue that IAEA delegations can contain Communists; and Communist governments argue that they are vulnerable to the eyes of prying capitalist "imperialists." Both worry too about their national security and their general loss of secrecy. In reality such charges have little basis in fact. The IAEA has always considered itself a weak agency. Its Vienna headquarters houses a tiny handful of inspectors—the highest estimate I've ever heard is 42 and the true figure, despite their post-NPT recruitment, is more likely about thirty. Its main concern has always been with reading and evaluating written reports mailed in by the countries themselves. It talks a lot about its "sophisticated new" detection methods, but it has never been a zealous operation.

However well intentioned, such inspection agencies are pathetic in any event. Professionals in the field, speaking off the record, readily admit that if a government really wanted to cheat them on plutonium it could with ease. "If I could put fifty inspectors into a big reactor and have them watching 24 hours a day," one official told me, "the conversion processes alone are so tricky that our measurements might be accurate, say, to within only 12 per cent." An error that large in the Tarapur facility alone would allow for more than four Hiroshima-sized-bombs' worth of plutonium annually from one reactor complex. But that percentage error can be

compounded if a nation wants to cheat; "accidents" could easily be arranged to explain away the loss of dozens of times that much material, as one example. And anyway, IAEA does not have fifty inspectors to monitor the world, much less one reactor. In short, the inspection provision of the NPT—left blank entirely in the treaty's early drafts—is so weak as to be absurd.

Yet throughout its evolution, the Nonproliferation Treaty has been costly for the United States in political terms. Countries like Japan and West Germany—applauding the treaty application of a "three-month escape clause"—have traded their grudging compliance for numerous concessions. Japan, in particular, was aided in negotiating islands back from the U.S. by our government's eagerness to have her sign the NPT. West Germany, forbidden from making atomic weapons on her own soil by a mid-1950s protocol, complained, but now apparently has received U.S. support and encouragement for her native reactor industry. One wonders if the first sale of a large West German power reactor—able to generate a great deal of weapons-grade plutonium—has any special significance; it was bought by Argentina.

"Freedom of research and development is the precondition for promoting the peaceful use of nuclear energy," said Willy Brandt in 1968 when he was West German Foreign Affairs Minister. "Nobody and nothing must be allowed to impede or prevent research and development in this field." His views, and all they imply, are probably common to all nations with the technical capacity to develop atomic energy programs in this decade.

In 1968 too, Henry A. Kissinger declared in the *Reporter* that "our allies have an incentive to develop national nuclear forces not only to bargain with the Soviet Union but also to gain a greater influence over *our* actions." Certainly one motive in developing a nuclear-weapons capacity, or at least potential, is that it helps win a small nation's independence from the U.S. defensive umbrella. France, as one example, downgraded NATO in 1965 because, in part, the shadow of a U.S.-controlled defense for Europe seemed to de Gaulle more dark and foreboding than comforting. With Soviet missile strength still increasing, U.S. credibility in its umbrella promise of defense seems to grow weaker and weaker. In every country



there are advisers who paraphrase the question of de Gaulle's defender General Pierre Gallois: "Would the United States really risk New York for Paris?"

In pushing the Nonproliferation Treaty, it seems, the United States has promoted little useful inspection or control over proliferation. In its efforts, however, it has given much by way of technical help and fissionable material for "peaceful research" which serves to worsen the problem—the "pregnancy" of civilian nuclear programs having military potential.

In pressing for a treaty involving nations, moreover, the United States has overlooked the new threat emerging from the spread of technologies: the sub- or non-national nuclear threat. In an article titled "Please Don't Steal the Atomic Bomb" in the May 1969 *Esquire*, the past Deputy Director of the Atomic Support Agency in the Defense Department, Dr. Theodore Taylor, suggested that it was entirely likely that this decade would see the creation of an international black market in radioactive materials and even atomic weapons. Threats could come from wealthy madmen, rabid peacenik groups, the Mafia, corporations and, in fact, from almost anybody. Now that's proliferation with a vengeance. After all, the delivery systems for such weapons would not need to be missiles or jet aircraft; a Piper Cub or Volkswagen would do just fine. And with such clandestine delivery systems, it would be difficult indeed to pinpoint blame for such an attack; thus the present posture of deterring enemies by retaliation would become silly, and some means of deterring an enemy by assuring one's own defense would become the most sensible course. But how?

To begin by going back to the original problem—right now our allies are somewhat inclined to doubt our sanity. We have tried to foist upon them a treaty clearly not in what they see as their self-interest, either in terms of self-defense or development of homeland atomic capacity. We need to begin restoring in them the belief that we are a great and rational world power. The Nonproliferation Treaty seems to most of our allies an attempt, albeit weak, on the part of the superpowers to dominate the other countries of the world, to keep political power in the hands of the present nuclear club. As long as this is the case, it might seem more honest if we declared that our intent and made one of the projects of the Strategic Arms Limita-

tion Talks a Pax Americana-Sovietica through which we would promise "assertively to disarm" any nation that builds or employs atomic weapons. By extending this promised retaliation to non-national groups, a Mafia-type threat might also be deterred.

Firebreak Folly

A necessary policy to be sought at SALT, whether one wishes to pursue the Pax Americana-Sovietica idea or not, would be an agreement that local nuclear wars would not spread. At present American strategic doctrine has not changed significantly since 1963, when Assistant Secretary of Defense Enthoven articulated the "firebreak" doctrine. This doctrine declared that any use of nuclear weapons, however small or limited, constituted a qualitative shift in the conflict situation and that escalation would likely move rapidly uphill to nuclear missiles and bombers. The effect of the firebreak doctrine was to maintain an all-pervasive paranoia about any atomic weaponry, a paranoia which has prevented the development of effective, precise, clean tactical nuclear weapons. This is unfortunate, for the deployment of such weapons now would be among the few things able to restore credibility to such sagging alliances as NATO.

Proliferation would seem much less terrifying if this doctrine were done away with. In a non-firebreak world atomic weapons could be used in specific local conflicts without bringing down on the world the threat of strategic war between the superpowers. And in the decades ahead nuclear weapons will be proliferating into the hands of nations like Israel, where warfare situations would perforce be limited geographically, and probably by magnitude. This outmoded doctrine must be replaced sooner or later; it should be replaced now with a declaration that the superpowers recognize the possibility of limited nuclear use in specific areas, and that such use will not necessarily concern or involve the superpowers. One such use, as has been previously suggested in *NATIONAL REVIEW**, would be in pre-emptive disarming attacks against particularly hostile powers such as Red China. If Red China, for example, develops a policy of giving atomic weapons to specific nations for the purpose of

*Robert M. Lawrence and William R. Van Cleave, "Assertive Disarmament," *NR*, Sept. 10, 1968.

causing international anguish, such a joint U.S.-Soviet policy of making examples of either Red China or the beneficiary nations might serve the long-term interests of world peace. Such a tactic has many concomitant disadvantages and may not necessarily be the best policy America can follow, but it offers remedies to problems for which the Nonproliferation Treaty offers no realistic solutions.

Behind the reasoning of those who advocate a firebreak doctrine and a limitation of proliferation is the desire to maintain world peace by keeping awesome power in a few hands. In those days when the U.S. had nuclear-weapons superiority over all other nations combined, such policies made more sense than they do today—as the Soviets are passing America in atomic armaments. Today the possession of atomic weapons alone prevents the superpowers from making many interventions in the name of peace, a good thing perhaps, but one which gives smaller nations an increased need for independence and an increased desire to have their own nuclear arms as a means of "manipulating" the paranoias of the superpowers; "firebreak" makes such manipulation easier, as several French generals realized in 1965 when they felt confident in their ability "to deter by being able to force the superpowers into an atomic confrontation." In the face of new and inevitable proliferation, the old doctrines give impetus to those who might gain such weapons; they provide opportunities for blackmail which more rational and realistic doctrines could let the superpowers laugh at.

Positive Proliferation

A more sensible strategic doctrine could recognize in proliferation the possibility of more, not less, stability. Now that the Soviets are gaining superiority, they are deterred not only by the United States but also by the recognition that any exchange with the U.S. would lay them open to Red Chinese atomic attack; this is one instance of proliferation increasing total deterrence. As General Gallois, General Curtis LeMay, and Father-of-the-H-Bomb Dr. Edward Teller have realized, if smaller nations have atomic weapons, they are perforce constrained to act more responsibly, since the penalty for irresponsibility could be nuclear, not conventional, retaliation and retaliation by perhaps two
(Continues on page 1365)

GIRL: What's that button? Why are you wearing it?

Boy: To protest war—to show that I'm a pacifist. Periodic slaughters inflict unspeakable cruelties on guiltless populations. They could not go on if the public were not so apathetic. Humane people oppose inhuman wars.

G: I guess you are right.

B: Come along then: Let's march together to Washington.

G: Why Washington?

B: To protest war! Of course.

G: But Nixon says he is against war too! So are Mao and Golda Meir and Sadat; they protest to each other; but war goes on anyway . . .

B: Right—we must do more about it. Words are not enough! We all are responsible if we do not protest: Nothing can justify war in today's world!

G: Yet the Israelis think some things do. And the Arabs agree. And Daddy says our fight in the last world war was just and necessary.

B: That's because he likes being a hero—afterward. Actually what did the war settle? Everybody loses, even if the "right" side wins. And the dead are dead. They just created the issues for the next war.

G: The Nazis had killed about six million Jews when we stopped them. Shouldn't we have?

B: That was exceptional. War usually saves fewer than it kills.

G: But wars always are "exceptional"!

B: The Russians killed about twelve million of their own while Stalin was around (of course, they had more time than the Nazis). We should have stopped them too. We didn't—we became allies. We don't actually fight for the humanitarian aims we use to suck in the naïve.

G: Well, Daddy says it's good that we only fight when we think our security is endangered. If we fought for humanitarian ends, we might fight all the time to remake the world according to our ideals.

B: Humanitarian results are incidental then? Our allies may be as bad as our enemies?

G: But *some* wars produce humanitarian results, such as the end of the Nazi regime.

B: OK. We agree, however, that wars settle nothing *permanently*. Evil regimes remain; new ones spring up. The whole thing is suffered again and again.

G: OK. War is no permanent cure for evil governments, policies or men.

B: What does war achieve then?

G: Well, my Israeli friends say that they fight to live in freedom. Daddy says that Englishmen and Frenchmen fighting the Germans said the same.

B: But don't you see wars are fought just to uphold the status quo!

G: One side wants to defend it, the other to change it.

B: Wars settle nothing—like I said.

G: Well, they decide which side wins.

B: Who cares? The disabled? You are too complacent about this unending misery.

G: I'm as dissatisfied with this life as you are.

B: But you just want to go on!

G: Sure, I want to stay alive. I even see my doctor regularly.

B: I want to live too; that's why I'm against war! What's the doctor got to do with war?

G: He just cured Daddy through a painful operation. Now he prescribes a burdensome diet; Daddy's hard to live with, and another operation may be required.

B: Too bad. But doctors can't perform miracles. We must be content each time they cure something—better than nothing.

G: Wow! How modest you are—and how realistic. But why do you expect more from the government than from a doctor?

B: ??

G: Well, doctors cure one illness; but another may crop up. He can prolong life but not always, or forever. And you are satisfied. The government (by armaments, diplomacy, war) may solve some problems; but new ones crop up. It may prolong peace; but not always. And you are wildly dissatisfied. Why not tell your doctor: "Unless you guarantee permanent life and no further illnesses, I will blow up the hospital. At least I will picket. Your painful operations are useless if war—sorry, disease and death—will happen anyway."

B: Oh come off it! Disease and death are natural; war is social. It can be controlled, therefore, by human effort—if you would help, instead of logic-chopping. "Daddy" had his chance and made

a mess of it. Now, why don't you help?

G: You have to convince me first. Isn't it often easier to control natural rather than social matters? We can have every American's teeth or nose fixed, but can we get them to refrain from crime or to speak decent English? Yet noses are natural, crimes and language are social.

B: College hasn't taught you what I learned. Or is it Daddy? Physicians are not controlled by the military-industrial complex—the government is. So they will fight diseases, and the government wars. That's why we must protest against the government.

G: But doctors stand to gain more from illness than your "complex" from war. Yet you trust they'll cure you.

B: Decent people don't pursue dollars alone; and most doctors are decent, despite the AMA.

G: Daddy will be glad to hear that. But why are politicians less decent than doctors? Because we elect them? Shouldn't we forget the idea that war comes from war industry and profit? How could this be in Egypt, Israel or China? Didn't most industrialists in Japan, England, France and the United States oppose armaments? Haven't you read about the "Cliveden Set" in England? And "America First"? Or the refusal of General Motors to convert to war production? The profits from war are always low. Look what happened to victorious England and to American "defense" industries. Daddy won't invest in them and you know he's no idealist.

B: But think of all we could do with the \$70 billion we now spend on defense every year!

G: How about all the money we now spend on doctors, hospitals and medicines?

B: Come on—hospitals etc. are needed as long as diseases threaten.

G: Isn't defense needed as long as enemies do? It would be wasted in a world without enemies; and medicine, in a world without disease. But in the world in which we live, we can save more by spending to protect ourselves.

B: I get it. You think a world without

A DIALOGUE

Do Pacifists Harm Peace?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

war is an idle dream? Pacifists are just idealistic fools?

G: I hate to contradict you: Most pacifists are well intentioned. Some are intelligent. But all seem to confuse desire with fulfillment. You too define away the problem—*how* to avoid war—by pretending that you need only to persuade people that it *ought* to be avoided; or by pretending that if we disarm, we avoid war. As though good will, or abolishing medicine, can replace hospitals.

B: Yet armaments always lead to war.

G: The threat of war leads to armament just as disease leads to medicine—not vice versa.

B: Medicine can poison people; and there is over-medication; and hypochondriasis; and iatrogenic disease.

G: But medicine properly used helps; so do armaments.

B: Then how would *you* avoid war? Or—I should have known—do you follow the latest fashion: War is unavoidable because men are born aggressive?

G: The evidence for innate aggressive impulses is as good as for inborn sexual impulses.

B: You're kidding! Love and sex keep the world going! If people were to make love rather than war . . .

G: Usually they do both. Occasionally neither. It is only wishful thinking to suggest that more of one means less of the other.

B: Remember we are born with sexual, not with aggressive organs!

G: Not so. We have organs that can be used for sex and others that can be used for aggression. We may, but need not, use them.

B: You really think that war is as instinctive as sex?

G: We have aggressive impulses, inborn or not. Even this discussion may become aggressive—how to keep the peace often leads to fights.

B: So our aggressive impulses make war unavoidable?

G: No more than sex makes rape or marriage unavoidable. Aggressive impulses make war possible, not necessary. So does vulnerability: The fact that people can be injured and killed. Neither makes war, or marriage, necessary. I don't know what does.

B: Make it necessary to marry? I have often wondered myself. As for war—governments may utilize the *possibilities* of human nature.

G: You're going to say that capitalist and imperialist governments cause war and that we must change the system.

B: I'm glad you know what I'm going to say. Speaking of aggressive impulses . . .

G: Wars occur under any political or economic system. Surely a Russo-Chinese war is possible—and not “capitalistic.” You've heard of Hungary? Czechoslovakia? Were the wars of antiquity, or were the Biblical ones capitalistic? Or even materialistic? Was it divine inspiration, or the fact that Canaan was “flowing with milk and honey,” that caused the Jews to attack?

B: You win. But tell me: What causes wars?

G: Practically anything: religion, nationalism, political ideology . . . all the things that may cause conflicts among groups can lead to violent attempts to resolve them. You'd better ask what makes war possible.



B: Anything to keep the peace: what does?

G: The absence of international law. There are customs, norms, agreements. But not *binding* international laws, nor an authority to enforce them. Each country is sovereign; each makes and accepts only its own law. Each settles conflicts by enforcing its law within its territory. But none accepts any superior law to settle conflicts with other countries. “International order” is actually international anarchy or, more accurately, polyarchy.

B: You're going too far again. My uncle Oscar works at the UN—in the Department of International Law.

G: The existence of churches or ministers is not proof of the existence of God.

B: Well, it isn't proof against it either.

G: That's irrelevant. So are international lawyers: They can be busy though there is no international law. (You've been saying something analogous about ministers.) They try to persuade governments to stick to traditions, norms and customs; they help to elaborate “international law.” Sometimes they succeed; their work may even be beneficial. So is that of ministers, though you wouldn't admit it. But these lawyers interpret traditions and agreements that governments follow for mutual convenience—and can violate whenever (unilaterally) convenient.

B: What about Nuremberg?

G: War tribunals satisfy justice, but they try only the defeated. They do not prevent war. They just make defeat more painful; which does not help prevent war since no one wants defeat anyway.

B: Didn't the UN change all that?

G: No. As long as nations are sovereign each government can go to war if it cannot negotiate a conflict with another government in a satisfactory way. The United Nations is not a *supra*-national body but a name for all the sovereign nations—united by that name only. The name does not prevent the Israelis and the Arabs from fighting. It certainly could not prevent the U.S. and the USSR. At best, the UN is a convenient place to negotiate. (The nearest corner bar might be more discreet—and was used in the Cuban missile crisis.)

B: How about a UN police force then?

G: It would have to be bigger than the American or Soviet forces, under a command independent of either, to enforce a law accepted by both. Obviously, a police force comes *after* disarmament—after the problem has been solved.

B: Which brings us back to disarmament.

G: I'm for it just as much as you are. Without a *supra*-national authority, each nation must rely on its own power to defend itself. But, why would it be attacked?

B: That's all too obvious. Any country will attack if it feels that a) it cannot get, or keep, what it wants without war; b) that it can win; c) that victory is worth the cost. (Atomic weapons—if they increase the cost as they seem to, even for the victor—will make war less likely though not, alas, impossible.)

G: Well, now that I've dissuaded you from protesting, what can pacifists do?

B: Be careful, I guess. For if pacifist sentiment produces unilateral disarmament

(Continues on page 1348)

WHAT DRIVES a young person into the arms of the New Left? There is a very curious, very unusual process involved. Typically, a student first becomes a New Leftist and then works back to the issues that feed his alienation. This is extraordinary: Normally the path of radicalization involves terrible personal hurt (either because of deficiencies or superiorities of character), or a crushing social-environmental crisis, such as a great depression, deep poverty, war, brutal ghetto life or the collapse of verities. The hurt spawns an abiding hatred and distrust of society that find their outlet in revolutionary politics.

But look at the New Left. Are these actually starving, ragged, haunted, bitter young zealots crying for bread or liberty at the walls of a Bastille or a Winter Palace? Are they there to protect some violent injustice done them or their families? Have they felt the lash of the knout or the terror of the knock in the night? Not at all. By and large they are well fed brash grotesques who shout obscenities for the joy of it, and shred campuses for the sheer, shocking, fun of it. They are forever searching for or inventing causes to use as vehicles for their uproars. They are truly radical for the sake of radicalism.

Typically, a New Leftist comes from a routine liberal Democratic family where orthodox religious and social values have been weakened but not destroyed. At Behemoth University he learns first that he is one amidst the faceless hoard. His second impression is of the faculty: men who consider themselves peers of the realm, who share a distaste for the outside world of bourgeois America and who flaunt their phylacteries whenever they must enter into it. Among them are power-lusting intellectuals who seek to remake the world; these usually outnumber the scholars, whose steady quest is for truth rather than power. Most students find the caustic polemics of the hip intellectuals more engaging than the balanced lectures of the scholars, and gravitate toward the activists. The student is quickly stripped of the flabby residual values of his parents, his church and the civil magistrates. He learns that authorities can be challenged and embarrassed with impunity. Even among the authentic scholars there are few conscious advocates of the outside orthodoxy. Liberalism clear back through the Enlightenment has had its own orthodoxy, setting it at odds with

THE KIDS

The Bitch Goddess of Individualism

RICHARD S. WHEELER

civil and religious authority. (The brashest trumpets on campus are the critics and carpers; the most muted are the visceral conservatives.)

But it is not sufficient to assert that the professors are the Fagins of the New Left. Many of them abhor the fascistic mayhem of the New Left as much as non-liberals do, and anathematize the extremists. There are other factors at work. Perhaps the student senses what the professors cannot: that the motor of liberalism is dead; that decades of government programs have not ameliorated distress, while breeding a whole set of new problems. New Leftists assailing bureaucracy sound uncannily like young conservatives, with whom they share a common understanding of liberalism's impotence.

Beyond that, there is the factor that Whittaker Chambers described as the loss of America's "sense of destiny": the loss of our evangel, of the certitude that the New World would lead the way to Zion, out of the sin and the cynicism of the old.

TO THE YOUNG, America seems terribly old. Our ancient institutions fall like a dead hand on their youthful enthusiasms. We do better teaching what Communism is, rather than what our own traditions are—economic, social and religious. And the young, in turn, think we have botched it, that we should let them form their own new values.

They see capitalism's great abundance, but more real to them is the black fruit of technology: a changing world where professions blossom and die in a decade or two; the good earth is smashed and denuded by giant forces; whole cities mushroom while others wither; the environment is poisoned by technology's witch's brew and science is terrifyingly close to regimenting minds. It may be not nihilism, but some deep instinct for survival that drives them to jam their crowbars into the dynamos. Their obsession is stopping the machine; as for

what happens in the deep quiet after, they haven't the foggiest idea. That it could be the death of half of us by starvation is beyond their ken, but they know they will hear the birds sing.

IT IS HARD for adults to realize that the young are maddeningly lonely. It is not just the normal loneliness of teen-age and early adult life, it is something new and disturbing. They are entering adult life spiritually naked, bereft of the old Yankee certitudes that made companionship so easy for their elders. They are not clothed in the cocoon of values and assumptions that prevailed, say, at a church social a half-century ago. To survive in the modern milieu it is necessary to keep one's cool; that is, to keep one's distance, to keep one's guard up. And so in a tabooless modern world they are beset by a giant taboo that excludes heartfelt confidences, easy hearthside exchanges, and the sharing of trouble and sorrow. These lonely ones have developed their own mechanisms to ease their lostness. The hippies, the Yippies, the New Leftists, the drug evangelists, all seek to create community; to obliterate the aching loneliness of being an unattached atom in a society without an organic center. After the Woodstock rock festival, the youth cult fairly exulted in its discovery of community. It seemed an end of loneliness to find a half million of themselves.

This loneliness is often a key factor in radicalizing the young *before* they are alienated by various issues. The revolutionary movements particularly attract the spiritually wounded. Competitive capitalism wounds those who are not of the breed, and these drift to the left. The Versailles-like artificialities of our aging society grate on the young. They see their country-club elders caught in prisons of loneliness by the jailers of social status, and they realize something is twisted and wrong and fake. The New Left binds their wounds and gives them something

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to live for, something to hate. It permits the freaks to freak, the deviates to deviate, and the weirdos to be weird. It offers a way to get attention: The hippies got it by shocking, the New Left gets it by smashing.

The only remedy they really understand, because it is the only one that has been drummed into them, is political. The solution to practically everything is to organize, agitate and legislate. The iron logic of science rules: There are palpable problems to be understood and conquered, rather than human difficulties and sorrows that can only be ameliorated. And when the normal processes seem too slow, the recourse is to intensify the politics—to radicalize and play militant. The other methods of reform, the methods ironically called individualist, which begin with private persons who must discipline *themselves*—these methods are no longer understood or considered feasible. Nor is the social impact of a triumphant Christ understood. Saints are unheard of, the loving authority of God unheralded, and the pool of love a devout man can offer to his lonely neighbors is a romantic delusion. When the young destroy and defy, they are doing their *only* thing, because a tenaciously liberal schooling has taught them no other. They are not mindless anarchists. If their radicalism is pervasive, it is because it is the only redemptive force they know. The hard-core headliners among them become Maoist or Castroite or orthodox Communist. But the bulk of them are simply defiant young men and women who are secretly shaking inside.

THEY SEEK INDIVIDUALITY—the capacity to stand out from the crowd—and their quest for uniqueness is lengthy, elaborate and ultimately bootless. It is a curious quest, and one historically new to Western man. The traditional personal quest through the ages of faith was for Godliness and virtue; the Enlightenment added excellence, wealth and power. Not until recently was uniqueness per se considered a major goal. While uniqueness was usually cherished, it was valued as a byproduct of other, more important determinants of character, including the cast of mind that build manliness, resilience, fortitude and stoicism.

We are all unique to a degree because of our infinitely variegated temperaments and circumstances. It is difficult to see how emphasizing one's uniqueness leads either to self-esteem or happiness.

Indeed, the quest for individuality, like the pursuit of happiness, is least successful among those who chase the hardest. The danger of seeking uniqueness for its own sake is that it leads to an empty snobbery, a spiritual *cul de sac*, in which how you appear to others becomes all-important.

Sir Winston Churchill is a cardinal example of a supremely individualistic and vividly independent man who achieved the highest and most profound uniqueness without challenging the traditions, tenets, mores and ideals of his society. Indeed, he was the archetypal Briton. His manners were establishmentarian; he was a product of the ruling class. His singularity rested in his remarkable gifts. He was forever sailing to the center of his society rather than away from it.

Those who somehow become unique usually have forgotten about trying to be different, and have concentrated on any of three great enterprises: the pursuit of God, the pursuit of virtue or the pursuit of excellence. The God-seekers sometimes become those human marvels we call saints.

The pursuers of virtue—of moral and ethical perfection, responsibility and strength—are among those who ineluctably stand out from the crowd. They endure ruin to uphold the right. Their self-reliance and manliness build affluence for all. Their stoicism sees them through great outrages and tribulations. The pursuers of excellence stand out because of the skill, wisdom and perception they add to the sum total of man's achievement.

Those least able to achieve distinction are the feckless individualists who flit from Zen Buddhism to pot to peyote to yoga because they wish to be different. It is an odd pursuit with neither beginning nor end, nor definable success. The terrible reality of the pursuit of the bitch goddess is its irrelevance. Most of the cultists lead a life lost to absurdities: mysticism, astrology, sensualism, madness. Individuality is a synthetic goal.

Although uniqueness is not a valid personal goal, the prospering of a broad and variegated individuality is generally considered a positive *social* value, evidence of a cosmopolitan society, and the highest fruit of liberty. The American Republic has, until recently, succeeded stunningly in the creation of untrammelled personality. One knows, somehow, that the New Left and its sad search for self will end up a much more repressive force. □

VAN DEN HAAG
(Continued from page 1345)

ment, or appeasement, it might actually *invite* war.

G: So now you say disarmament may lead to war?

B: Well it can. One goes to war to attain some end by victory. One doesn't fight to be defeated. If you make the victory of others likely by disarmament, you encourage them to attack.

G: How come small states survive at all? Aren't they always weak enough to invite attack?

B: Relative to the gain, it may be too costly to conquer them; or they may be backed by a great power.

G: You really think that pacifism can cause war?

B: You've persuaded me. A government out to conquer doesn't allow pacifists to agitate while a government that is not, usually does. Democracies nearly always permit some pacifist agitation; dictatorships never. If pacifist agitation succeeds, the permissive government becomes weaker in relation to others. If, in the eyes of its enemies, it becomes weak enough, they attack. Thirty years ago French and English pacifists helped keep both their countries disarmed. Whereupon Hitler, believing he could win, tried to. You can't prevent aggressive governments. But you can avoid tempting them by making a victory seem likely.

G: So now you think pacifism harmful?

B: As long as it is unilateral.

G: But if pacifists don't agitate for peace who will?

B: Why not agitate for disarmament—if enemy powers permit no less? Israeli pacifists would agitate for disarmament in Israel—if Egyptian pacifists agitate in Egypt. American pacifists would agitate here as much as Soviet pacifists could agitate there.

G: That seems more utopian than anything I ever thought of—although reasonable.

B: You mean *because* reasonable, certainly? Yes, reasonable things are always utopian—though utopian things are by no means always reasonable.

Equal restraint—or intensity—or pacifist efforts would at least make them harmless, and, if it were to lead to equal disarmament of the countries concerned, it would be a blessing. Without reason the heart so often defeats itself. Yet reason hardly ever moves people. Passion does. And passion, even passion for peace, often leads to war. □

LETTER FROM TOKYO

How Stable Is Japan?

GERHART NIEMEYER

EVERYBODY KNOWS that already Japan has surpassed West Germany's gross national product, will soon exceed the combined product of West Germany and France, and some time later the combined product of all six member countries of the European Economic Community. Impressive? Yes. Meaningful? Not of itself. The question, whither Japan, cannot be answered by economic statistics. Behind them the political picture is nowhere near as clear or promising. It is, rather, a picture of considerable confusion.

Take party politics, for example. The governing Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) looks not only conservative enough but also familiar to American eyes. It is what one might call an "establishment party," a coalition of the main parts of Japanese society, the coalition held together not by an ideology but by the expediency of the struggle for office in a democratic setting. In the United States we have two establishment parties, which means that either is acceptable to all the voters as representing this country's chief regional, vocational, social and ethnic elements. In Japan there is no other such representative coalition outside of the LDP. The opposition consists of a variety of ideological groups, divided into a socialist and a Buddhist opposition. Within the socialist opposition we again have the Old Left and the New Left. The Old Left consists (from left to right) of the Socialist Party (JSP), the Communist Party (JCP) and the Democratic Socialist Party (DSP). The Communists make a deliberate effort here to hold the middle position, applying the "new strategy" which seeks eventual Communist victory by the road of coalition politics. The JCP is beginning to resemble the Italian and French Communist parties. It keeps equidistant from Peking and Moscow and vaunts its authentic-looking posture of traditional nationalism, on the strength of which it has already offered itself as the logical coalition partner for the LDP.

Japan's New Left differs considerably from our own. Ideologically, it hugs the

Marxist-Leninist mainline; sex and drugs play a very small role in its ranks and its commitments are political rather than existential. There is no single New Left organization; the splintering characteristic of Western New Leftists obtains also in Japan. In Japan, however, the New Left carries with it certain nationalistic overtones which explain the attraction, for many of them, of Yukio Mishima.* Mishima was one of Japan's foremost poets and novelists. He was once nominated for the Nobel Prize, was also an ardent nationalist, body cultist and possessor of a small private army, a figure reminiscent of Gabriele d'Annunzio or even of Otto Strasser in that respect. Mishima's popularity among rebellious youngsters shows that New Leftism in Japan is a quest for an authentically Japanese version of politics. The street engagements of these people with the police seem to invoke the death-defiant samurai spirit, and their disdain for structured politics stems from a Japanese love for direct action.

THE BUDDHIST OPPOSITION comes mainly from the Nichiren sect of Buddhism which, unlike the two main other sects (Amida and Zen), is militant and political-minded. The Soka Gakkai is one of the new religions that sprouted from Nichirenism after the war. Soka Gakkai then created its own political party, the Komeito, which draws considerable strength from millions of small people who were never before politically organized or even articulate, and for whom the party also performs many social services. The growth of Komeito seems to have reached a plateau, but the combination of religious militancy with nationalism may still prove powerful.

For the time being, the LDP looks unshakable. Actually though, the great stability that strikes every visitor to Japan stems not from the strength of

the LDP but the efficiency of the two great bureaucracies that cover the entire society with a finely woven network of services and ordinances: the government bureaucracy and that of big business. Like France's, Japan's government is strong because of administrative competence and consistency. Business not only provides increasing wealth, but also a host of extracurricular services and bonuses for its employees, from whom it obtains in return something approaching lifelong allegiance and obedience. Little happens in the country except at the initiative of these two bureaucracies.

While this structure looks solid, it is politically wobbly on top. The LDP consists of fourteen factions, each of which is backed by a distinct group of businesses, with leaders jockeying for ministerial positions. Red China has recognized the opportunities here presented and is now channeling political funds—formerly handed to Japan's Communist Party—to some LDP factions that oppose Prime Minister Sato and his pro-Western policy. Further complications loom: Japan's businesses are likely to divide into a number of factions each dealing exclusively with one of several mutually incompatible foreign trade partners. A North Korea Association consists of about sixty firms. Another group trades with South Korea. Businesses that deal with Nationalist China form one group, those that deal with Red China another. These foreign orientations and dependencies are bound to open deep fissures among rival factions within the LDP, from which prospect the Communist Party derives the not unrealistic hope that one day it will be called into a coalition with much-weakened LDP elements.

Japan's academy is generally given to a positivism that reminds one of the late nineteenth century in the West, with this difference: Marxism plays a dominant role in Japanese universities that it never attained in Europe or North America. For many Japanese scholars, Marxism serves as proof positive of their adherence to strict standards of scientism. Every self-respecting budding economist, for instance, must show that he has been trained at least in Marxist economics. If he can also produce a diploma in Keynesian economics, so much the better. Japan has not developed an intellectual underpinning for its post-Meiji political order. One could even go so far as to say that for most

*A fortnight ago, Mishima and a group of young followers first took a general hostage, then Mishima harangued a crowd for 45 minutes, and subsequently committed hara-kiri.

intellectual Japanese rationality appears identical with natural science and technology, and those aspects of life that are closest to the human person looked upon as sheer emotionalism.

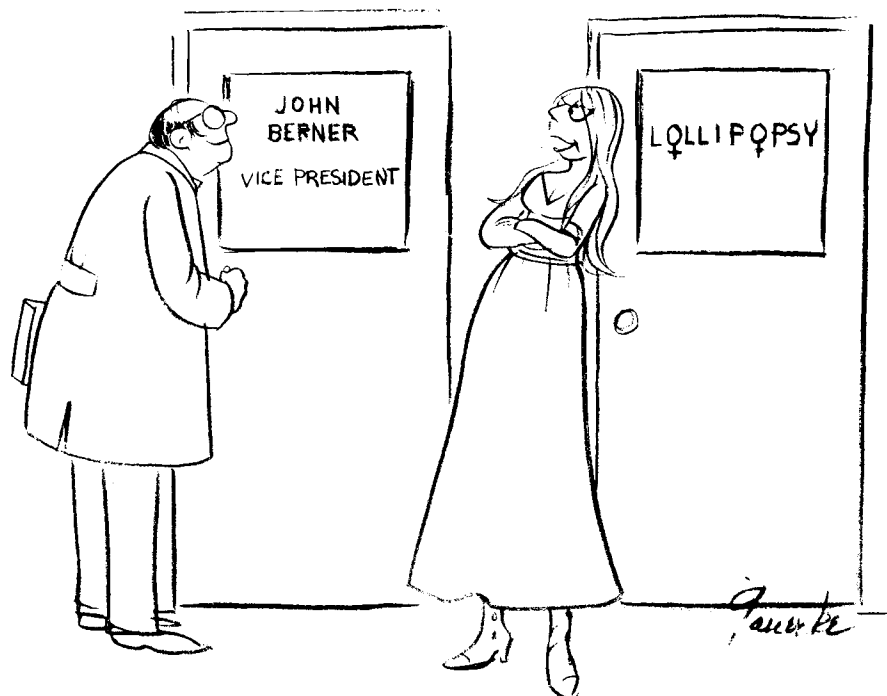
IT IS WORTH NOTING some of the emotional tensions and currents whirling underneath the placid Japanese surface: first, a divorce between political emotions and parliamentary politics. Next, a confusion of democracy with "leaderless" politics and a resultant leaning toward anarchical practices. Then again, an instinctive disdain for democracy as an imported form alien to Japanese life. Related to this is the rejection of structured power, which some say became articulate after the spectacle of destalinization in Russia. From this feeling flows, among others, the formula of "unarmed neutrality," the contempt for the armed forces, and hostile attitudes toward ministers and academic authorities. Westernization, eagerly sought as the road to rank, influence and affluence, is also deeply resented. Nothing could illustrate this better than the case of a Japanese friend who built a modern house, Western-style, with only two of its rooms in Japanese style, and then found, to his great shame and humiliation, that his mother on her visits was incapable of using his Western-style toilet. Who could ever erase the memory of this embarrassment to his mother?

The prime area for political emotionalism is Japan's relations with Red China. The Japanese have no illusions about Peking's ideological fanaticism. They also realize that Japan's trade with mainland China is a small fraction of her total business with the world. All the same, they admit to powerful feelings drawing them toward an eventual rapprochement with Peking. Certain members of leading circles speak of this as "the foremost national problem." These leaders know full well that the key to its solution is called Taiwan. There can be no rapprochement until Japan agrees to regard Taiwan not as the legitimate government of China, not even as a second China, but purely as "a domestic problem of China," that is until it is prepared to deliver Taiwan and its fifteen million souls to the Red Chinese for the taking. Korea, a similar problem, is brushed aside as of no national concern to Japan, one way or the other, and the problem of Southeast Asia is regarded not as a problem of Communist conquest but rather of Japanese economic penetration which might lead some day to a confrontation with Peking. Thus the entire complex of Sino-Japanese relations is governed not by considerations of relative power, national security, business profits or ideology, but mainly by dynamic emotionalism the name of which is "Asianism"—and which contains elements of cultural solidarity, guilt feelings and an identity

crisis stemming from Westernization.

The Japanese experience great difficulties in understanding the U.S. and its culture. Three examples may serve as illustrations: At a mixed Japanese-American party, the conversation turned to the question of how Americans could be allowed to have private guns, and American fathers, to teach their sons how to use them. As one born in Europe but having spent much of his life in the States, I understand on the one side the spirit in which Americans claim a citizen's liberty to possess dangerous objects and freely subject themselves to strict limits of responsible use, and on the other hand the difficulty the Japanese have in grasping the inner freedom of this spirit. On another occasion someone advocated the direct election of the American President because he assumed that only that kind of election would bring to light hidden discontents. An effort to convince him that no discontents remain unvoiced in this country proved wholly unsuccessful. Still another person saw the Soviet Union and the United States as two systems that had achieved the kind of regimentation required by modern industry. When I sought to make clear the difference between regimentation by a planning bureaucracy and free adjustment to consumer choices expressed through the market, he shrugged this off as propaganda.

What becomes plain from such conversations is the difficulty in understanding various manifestations of freedom. The Japanese enjoy a great deal of freedom and personal dignity, on all social levels, but their freedom comes in forms different from ours. We may fail in our appreciation of freedom in Japan as much as they on their side. The trouble lies with the parochial persuasion that all human freedom can have only one shape: ours. Men can realize freedom in a variety of ways, not only through separation of a private from a public sector and a set of civil rights, but also through sharing a common reverence for what is good and high, adherence to familiar customs and ceremonies, subjection of self-will to the demands of courtesy, and self-denial in the interest of privacy. These are some of the forms of freedom in Japan. Other cultures have found different ways of honoring the independence and dignity of the human person. Understanding such differences is incumbent on us, as part of the process of growing up to the role of global responsibility. □



"A title on the door in lieu of a raise is not what I call liberation, Mr. Berner."

Nixon's Economic Dilemma

HENRY HAZLITT

THE UNITED STATES faces a grave economic dilemma. Few professional economists seem willing to recognize its existence, and no prominent politician of either party has publicly recognized it at all.

The dilemma is this: Once an inflation has continued as long as ours has—almost without interruption for thirty years—and once it has reached for several years, as ours has, an annual rate of 5 to 6 per cent—then we court ultimate disaster if we try to continue it and invite an immediate crisis if we try to put an end to it.

The Nixon Administration is bound to be blamed whichever it does. In the last election it suffered from the results of trying to pursue a middle course: It was denounced both for the rising prices of inflation and for the unemployment that comes from trying to slow down an inflation. It was suffering, of course, largely from the policies of preceding Democratic Administrations; but it was unconvincing for anyone to say so.

The lesson is the old lesson that it is always perilous to start an inflation in the first place. But the pursuit of inflation everywhere in the world today stems from the belief that it is the most effective if not the only way of avoiding depressions. That is the doctrine that Keynes did most to make fashionable in its modern form.

It has a certain plausibility, and can work under special conditions for a short time. Depressions persist when discoordination has been allowed to develop between costs and prices—when, for example, wage rates, interest rates, rents or prices of raw materials are too high in relation to the prices for finished goods that consumers are willing to pay.

This discoordination may have come about either through a gradual rise of costs or a collapse of consumer demand and final prices. In either case the so-called best remedy is to restore price coordination by the mutual adjustment of each cost and price through the interplay of supply and demand in free markets. But there are nearly always institutional ob-

stacles in the way. The greatest of them in our time is the refusal of labor unions to permit any reduction in wage rates.

The method of adjustment that has been adopted almost everywhere, in the last generation, because it seems politically the most expedient, is for the government to increase its spending and to finance the consequent deficit by increasing the supply of money, thus putting more "purchasing power" in the hands of consumers, and so increasing final demand and final prices and restoring profit margins. Final prices are adjusted upward en masse to conform to frozen cost levels instead of costs being individually adjusted downward to conform to final prices.



This brings the apparent magic of inflation. This is the way inflation can work under special conditions and for a limited time to restore "full employment."

BUT COUNTERVAILING FORCES soon set in. To keep the full employment going, new money may have to be injected into the economy every year. Even this will soon not be enough. Inflation acts as a stimulus to business only as long as it is unforeseen, or at a higher rate than expected. If prices have been rising at an annual rate of 6 per cent, and are expected to continue to rise at that rate, everybody adjusts to that expectation.

Labor-union leaders demand a wage boost of 6 per cent on top of their normal annual demand. Lenders demand higher interest rates to compensate for the expected annual decline in the purchasing power of their money. Competition for all the factors of production drives up costs in anticipation of the price rise. So if prices rise no more than expected there will be no extra profits.

To keep the stimulus of inflation, the price rise must be constantly greater than expected and hence accelerative. This leads toward ultimate disaster. But if the effort is seriously made to halt the inflation, or even to slow it down below its expected rate, there will be a drop of demand and of prices (which have the inflationary expectations already built into them) and an immediate "stabilization crisis."

THIS IS THE ECONOMIC (and therefore the political) dilemma that the Nixon Administration now faces. Its proper course would be the courageous one of slashing expenditures, presenting a budget that would balance without a rise in taxes, and asking for modification or repeal of the federal labor laws that now encourage and impose excessive wage demands. The consequent stabilization crisis might be relatively mild. But such a Presidential course would be feared and resisted by most Republican congressmen as politically suicidal, and in the present unhealthy and uninformed state of public opinion they may well be right.

The likelihood, in fact, is that the Nixon Administration will become unpopular no matter what it does. If it halts inflation it will be blamed for causing unemployment and depression. If it continues it will be blamed for the further rise in living costs. If it tries to do something in between, as it has been doing, it will be blamed for both. If it does not impose price-and-wage controls it will be accused of not adopting the obvious remedy; if it does impose them, their futility and damage will soon become clear.

Unless there is soon a marked improvement within both political parties in courage, candor and responsibility, as well as in economic understanding, the most probable outcome is that competition in demagoguery will drive the country in the next four years into a rapidly accelerating inflation heading toward economic and social chaos. □



ARE YOUR SENSITIVITIES TRAINED?

FROM THE ACADEMY

Some millions of American parents are puzzled or dismayed by that current fad of the public schools called "sensitivity training." Usually they have reason. It is well to develop the five senses, and well to be aware of other people's sensitivity; but often this Cult of Sensitivity is something else.

The Sensitivity people, or nearly all of them, are votaries of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whether they know it or not: They take for granted the natural goodness of man, and assume that we need merely become "sensitive" in order to live peacefully in happy communes. Rousseau was wondrously ignorant of children, and sent his own to a foundling home; but folly springs eternal.

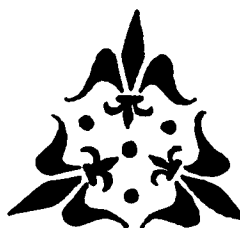
The Sensitivity movement of recent years also is strongly influenced by Professor Herbert Marcuse (who doubtless developed the sensitivities of his disciple Miss Angela Davis). Dr. Marcuse wishes us to become sensitive all over—not just genitally: The body "must be eroticized as a whole"; he exhorts us to live libidiously, in every fiber.

This sensitivity training has become a required or an elective course in many school districts; there are also innumerable quacks who offer "sensitivity" courses in private clinics and homes. Probably the movement has been most thoroughly discussed in the pages of the monthly *"Journal of the Society of American Onanists"*—otherwise known as *Playboy Magazine*. Well, does our age really need more sensitivity? Might not commonsense be more valuable?

The methods employed by the more mild variety of sensitivity expert (who often has had only a few weeks' training himself) may be harmless, if ludicrous—at the beginning. The participants, juvenile or adult, play curious parlor games, supposed to teach them to communicate emotionally with everybody else and perhaps to confer upon themselves better self-understanding. Bodily contact and "shock" language are basic

tools in becoming better sensitized. Participants crawl about the floor wrapped in sheets, perhaps, identifying one another by touch; or they stand face-to-face passing loaves of bread around a circle; or they engage in other activities appropriate to two year olds.

Sensitivity training doesn't cease at this elementary level, however. General disrobing and free fondling of one another at sessions seem common enough at Californian soirées of this sect. Still less attractive, except to mentalities of a certain cast, are the "group criticism" sessions, suggestive, interestingly, of methods developed by the Red Guards of late lamented memory: Participants are exhorted to denounce one another, and to participate in slinging-matches, during which everyone hurls abuse, in whatever terms come to his imagination.



What splendid togetherness! Nothing remains private, nothing sacred. We are all intellectually and—perhaps physically—naked together. How sensitive we grow!

Most of this cult's activities grow out of the teaching and the practice of an eccentric establishment at Big Sur, California, called the Esalen Institute. At Big Sur, for \$145, a couple of votaries can enroll in a 24 hour course known as Couples' and Lovers' Marathon. Also one may enroll in Reincarnation, Tantric Yoga, Humanistic Mysticism, Trance and Dance. The vice president of Esalen is Mr. George Leonard, an editor of *Look*, who not long ago published a book called *Education and Ecstasy*, in which the silliest notions of Rousseau are made relevant to our own silliness.

In general, one may describe Esalen's variety of sensitivity training as a form

of induced hysteria, meant to break down norms, manners, and the traditions of civility. Some eminent psychologists and psychiatrists—not to mention dear Ann Landers—already have said emphatically that such approaches can do infinite harm to certain young people. The sensitivity cult is outspokenly anti-intellectual; now and again one thinks of the fun and games of the Nazis' "strength through joy."

SO IF SUCH PROJECTS for the instant attainment of "ecstasy" are brought forward in your school district, friends—why, be sensitive to the perils and sensible about the curriculum. Where the rising generation is concerned, be not one to suffer fools gladly—especially teaching fools or administrative fools. In cases where a pupil is exposed to foul epithets, "shock" treatments, and perhaps physical handling, prompt remonstrance with the powers that be should be undertaken. If that doesn't succeed, action at law is quite possible. And school authorities have become sensitive to actions at law.

Be not hasty, though: It is conceivable that something called "sensitivity training" may be innocuous enough, even if a boondoggle. There are children whose sensibilities do need development—though no half-trained enthusiast can accomplish that. There is another side to the coin of discipline, and that is development of respect (or civility, anyway) toward others: If no more than that is intended by some "sensitivity" program, *nihil obstat*—supposing that the teacher is sound of principle and competent of technique.

Sedulous concern for "sensitivity" usually springs up in a society whose religion, morals and philosophy have decayed: It is advanced as a substitute for faith, hope and charity. When the life of spirit is forgotten, there remain only the sensitive body and the amorphous sentiment. Tell that to your superintendent. □

The Trashing of Vermont

C. H. SIMONDS

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER Uriel came down out of these hills around 1840, opportunities in Peru, Vermont being rather limited in those days. Many others did likewise. Peru just sat there in its little hollow in the mountains, slowly contracting as the farms failed one by one and the woods reclaimed the stony pastures. When I wandered through in 1962, the town consisted of a general store with a gas pump, a little post office, a church and a few tidy old houses—a tiny settlement (population two hundred-something) tucked away on a back road, nice enough, with trees, dusty streets, interesting headstones in the graveyard.

Eight years later it's still nice enough—but the rot of progress is setting in. Now there is a Ski Lodge (a reasonably attractive one, not plastic-ugly like most that have sprung up in Vermont in the past few years), and the proprietor of that general store has taken to decorating the place with Quaint Old Signs.

Do I make much of little? Perhaps. But to see what might very easily happen to Peru in another five or ten years, pay a visit to Manchester or Wilmington or any other of the Vermont towns that have been "revitalized" by the skiing boom. Whichever the town, your first inkling will be the mountain, disfigured by great gashes down which the skiers do their silly thing. If you like mountains, you'll weep. If you like skiing, better stop reading.

Then the signs start—SKI MT. WHOZIS . . . SAM'S SITZMARK LOUNGE . . . GEN-YOU-WINE SWISS CHALETs . . . LOTTABUX LEISURE HOMES. The State of Vermont outlawed billboards some years ago; they were to be replaced with small, state-erected directional signs pointing the way to ski areas, restaurants, gifte shoppes, whatever. It hadn't been done on any of the roads my wife and I traveled late this past autumn, except for a short stretch of Route 11 around Londonderry (and there the signs, done in psychedelic colors, are all but impossible to read).

And if it's ski season (soon to be a

twelve-month thing—they now have something called "turf skiing" when there is no snow), you can read each and every billboard very, very carefully because you are in God's own traffic jam. Imagine, traffic jams in little towns with names like Manchester Depot and Wallingford and Dummerston. The cars crawl along, station wagon after station wagon with New York or New Jersey plates and cute little bumper stickers (skiers are a granfalloon) like "Stamp Out Summer" and "Think Snow."

THEN YOU COME UPON the lodges, lounges, vacation home developments and worst of all the ski area itself. The new architecture of Vermont is predominantly slick-rustic, with tacked-on touches of Olde New Englande, Swiss Quaint or Rape-a-Redwood Modrun. One longs for the old sleaze of Vermont—the roadside baskets-cheese-maple syrup-Indian crafts joints that dotted the highways when Vermont was a summer place. Most of all, jammed in the traffic and sickened by the sprawl, one longs for a quiet glade in which to wish bankruptcy on the developers and spiral fractures on their prey. Rural-charmwise, one is better off where I live, in northwestern Connecticut. The mountains aren't quite lofty enough to attract skiers, and there are nice hilly pastures for us Flexible Flier types.

Do not misunderstand. I do not mourn the passing of a cozy-snug Grovers Corners New England that probably never was. I know the hardy yeomanry were often afflicted with deficiency diseases and *paranoia religiosa*, and that the harder among them fled. I know that Vermont is a poor state, much of it part and parcel of Appalachia—did I not one day see, on a very back road, a tumbledown but inhabited house with goats living on the porch? Much of Vermont was always ugly—just a stone's throw from stately, colonial Old Bennington is a horror of a toilet-paper factory, and there are any number of failing gas stations whose roofs are patched with old tin Coca-Cola

signs. But that ugliness was the ugliness of decay, softened by the understanding that it was after all part of the natural order of things, that soon the trees would reclaim the land. The new, thriving ugliness is different. It is plastic, aluminum, forever; it will never rot back into the good earth.

Vermont was perceived best from a certain distance: That lovely red barn set ruby-like in a sea of crisp green grass might well contain the hanged body of a farmer who despaired when his cow got the bloat. The tourists would gasp over the barn and drive on in search of the ultimate covered bridge. But one could stay around awhile, rummage beneath the pretty surface. Those charming works of man were, after all, charming only in the context of the grandeur of the land. The barn or the covered bridge might vanish, and still there would be the land. And if one rummaged still longer, everything fell into place—the barn, the bridge, the house with the goats, the land, the towns (some dying, some doing fine), the people. One understood that Vermont was, as Keith Jennison said of next-door New Hampshire, "a state of mind," and remembered Emerson's "Brahma." The state ceased to be merely tourist-charming, cuddly-cute; it ceased to make one comfortable, but one grew to love it deeply.

Comes now the obliteration of the land. The mountains are gouged by ski trails; developments creep up their slopes. Land that ten years ago sold for a hundred dollars an acre brings thousands now—and the rubes snap it up, and glory in their chalets. New developments mean new demands for municipal services, so that those, Vermonters and outsiders alike, who own land and would keep it unspoiled are thwarted by spiraling real-estate taxes and too often have no choice but to sell to the developers.

Many in the state—including ex-Governor Phil Hoff who cheerfully called the West River Valley the potential "Gold Coast of the East"—are perfectly delighted by all this. Making as much money as possible off the flatlanders is an old Vermont tradition. But the goose is being killed, say others. Twenty more years of this sort of thing, and who will want to come to Vermont? Enough people, I'm afraid. The great sadness is that a lot of people *like* the kind of place Vermont is becoming. God help them, they don't know any better—and soon they will never have a chance to learn. □

One, Two, Many Consciousnesses III

DAVID BRUDNOY

Zen cannot be explained in words, we've been told in countless books which attempt to explain Zen in words. Charles A. Reich brings Zen to mind, in that he has taken four hundred pages to tell us that "there is a revolution coming . . . [which] will change the political structure. . . . It will not require violence to succeed, and cannot be successfully resisted by violence." All of which he says is inevitable, thus raising the question: Why write the book if the phenomenon needs no publicity to succeed? As another chapter in its progressive decline in quality, the *New Yorker* devoted most of a September issue to a great gob of *Greening*; and the op-ed page of the *New York Times* of late has provided a forum for the Aging Left (e.g., Galbraith, Marcuse, Marya Mannes) to gnash teeth rebutting Reich. So everybody knows by now that *Greening* is an Important Book, the In thing to read this season, the one to wave around if you're hip.

How did this Epistle to the Unwashed wind up as a Random House book? One might uncharitably guess that on six consecutive nights, a group of mescaline trippers gurgled their happiest thoughts about themselves into a tape recorder, after which three New Left graduate students came in on the days following the nights and edited the pages, tossing in nuggets of unimpeachable Truth like "America is dealing death, not only to people in other lands, but to its own people," and "while the poor [in America] get poorer. . . ." Then on the seventh day, some junior editor did what he could and sent the copy off to press.

But no, "much of the book was written in the Stiles-Morse dining halls at Yale," Law Professor Reich tells us, and "the encouragement, the coffee, the warmth of all the people of the dining hall, are a part of it." Which certainly beats the British Museum as a place to write books, although when I was at Yale one could barely eat in the dining halls, much less write paeans to Our Children in them. In Mother Yale did Mr. Reich/A lovely dream decree:/That Consciousnesses I and II/Succumb to Consciousness III. My doggerel scans badly, but Reich's book is worse, and that's a pity.

Greening tells how Consciousness I individualism, which made America, spawned Republicans and other undesirables, thus making necessary the growth of Consciousness II, the reformist statism of the New Deal and beyond. This in turn has created the ground in which the new *Jugendkultur* of Consciousness III now buds and blooms, eventually to "green" (revitalize) the nation. The book is all mush and nuts: sloppy, gooey kid-dyspeak euphoria for the broth; a few hard kernels for texture. I do not know to what divine providence we owe the fact that the author spared us a dialectic interpretation of this I by II makes III—God knows he mentions Marx enough—but whatever the reason, that at least is not included. Just about everything else is.

MR. REICH MAKES MUCH of the outward signs of the new consciousness. Bell-bottoms, for instance, tickle his fancy. Football is such fun in bells. Some adults are set on edge by such features of today's youth style; the hysteria about hair is a case in point. But their counter-culture is not necessarily an anticulture (Frank Meyer, *NR*, Nov. 3, disagrees), and the outward signs of it are not necessarily harmful to civilization. Much of

*The Greening of America: How the
Youth Revolution Is Trying To
Make America Livable*

By Charles A. Reich

Random House, 399 pp., \$7.95

that mode of life which Professor Reich sets out to glorify, appeals to me too: the music, hair, dress, casualness, openness, warmth, tenderness, which some of today's young people manifest.

But their politics, childish do-goodism spiced with totalitarian pressure tactics, is repellent. Their vacuous attachment to causes cheapens such important matters as antiracism and the struggle against ecological destruction, cheapens and squeezes the life out of them, making passing fads of them. Their self-righteousness and determined unwillingness to know the facts before they pronounce on everything continues. No, it grows worse. Their insensitivity to the rights of others belies their proclaimed regard for others. I read their exam papers, so lacking in substance, so filled with "interpretations" and undigested rhetoric, and think to give up college teaching and turn to boot-making. Except then I'd have to peddle my leatherwear in some dreadful little shop decorated with posters urging us to Free Angela and crowded with grubbies all striving to be identically different.

One of the penalties of being an academic is that, after awhile, one has read enough so that one cannot go through something like *Greening* without mentally noting from what source this paragraph came, and that, and the one over there. In content, the best of Mr. Reich's book is his brittle analysis of the Consciousness II (read: liberal) state in which we live. In form, the best of Reich is the beauty of his dream's expression, the lyrical quality of his song. But our people (James Burnham, for instance) have done the former better, and Walt Whitman sang of himself with more style. More briefly, too.

Why then do I say it's a pity that the book is not better, if I think that the good

stuff is old hat and the new stuff is mush? Not, certainly, because we need another indictment of Consciousness I, whose beliefs, we learn, "are drastically at variance with reality." By that, Mr. Reich means that the things I believe in are myths: self-reliance, individualism, *laissez faire*, tradition, meritocracy. I'm one of those reactionaries he talks about who thinks we need a return to Consciousness I, a turn away from Consciousness II and all its works. Imagine. Nor do I regret that Mr. Reich hasn't given us two or three hundred more pages of harangue against police brutality. Too many of our protectors in blue, whom I would like to respect and honor, are arrogant in their power, maddeningly arbitrary in their administration of on-the-spot justice, often uncouth beyond fixing. But we all know that—at least we do if we've dealt with cops of late. Mr. Reich needs less, not more, of that sort of material, which is padding and nothing much else. It's unfair, I'm told, to tell an author what he should have written. Never mind, I'm not trying to be fair, just honest.

PROFESSOR REICH blew the job. He tried so hard to fashion a lovely reflection of today's youth, and worked so diligently to defame the values of everyone except his precious kids, that he got off the main track, which should have been a more accurate depiction of the kids' lifestyle and a more judicious estimation of what makes them run. *We are the people our parents warned us against*, Nicholas von Hoffman told us in his book three years ago. The "new culture" kids, that is, are inadequate. I mean, of course, most of them, not all. Most of them, like most of the "old culture" kids and the rest of us, can't hack it. Their proclaimed goal is elevated: Peace, Love, Happiness, they chant in *Hair*. But from that same "tribal love-rock musical" the complaint:

"How can people have no feelings . . . especially people who say they care about evil and social injustices . . . how about a needy friend?" How indeed?

Things haven't worked out very well at all. And that's the real pity of Mr. Reich's book, because he has not given us a balanced appraisal of how it is. He takes that tiny fringe of the finest of the "new" kids, those whom one can easily come to love, since they're gentle, innocent, decent toward others, admirable in their striving for self-realization; he takes that fringe (forgetting, I guess, that truly beautiful people have existed in every culture) and holds it up as the avatar of his hand-crafted Consciousness III. Where are those who in losing envy, jealousy, competition (his terms), have gone on to lose ambition, love of country and vigilance against its enemies, the desire to make things better, and energy directed toward seeking knowledge? They're not much in evidence in *Greening* but they're everywhere in reality, in my town and in yours.

Oh, he flings in a sentence here and there about the vices of student radicals. But you can guess, even without reading the book, on whose shoulders he places the burden for those vices. Damn it, for every sweet flower child floating happily on grass down by the River Charles, there are a hundred "hippies" exuding hatred toward their betters and cheering on the savages (Weathermen, Panthers and that ilk), and another hundred fouling up the sidewalks, aimlessly wandering about with nothing, literally nothing, in mind.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!

in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" No one has yet bested Shakespeare's vision of how man might be. Refinement of soul, joy in one's body, acuteness of perception, actualization of one's potential for love: how difficult for any of us to achieve that. How difficult too, for Mr. Reich's kids to achieve it. But he expects that they'll go beyond, and create a perfect world of proportioned harmony. He imagines that an hysterical hatred of American responsibilities abroad, coupled with superficial manifestations of appearance and terminology, bespeak an internal conversion to a chimerical Consciousness III.

I deeply regret that some true new consciousness doesn't exist, a consciousness embodying both the virtues of the old American pioneer spirit and the new virtues so beautifully upheld by a tiny fraction of today's young people, the best of our age, some with long hair, some with short, despite what Mr. Reich might wish to believe. Man at his rarely attained best is noble in reason and infinite in faculty. But how many rise to that? And how ignoble and earthbound, and finite, to call dropping-out the highest virtue. That, at bottom, is what *The Greening of America* is all about. □

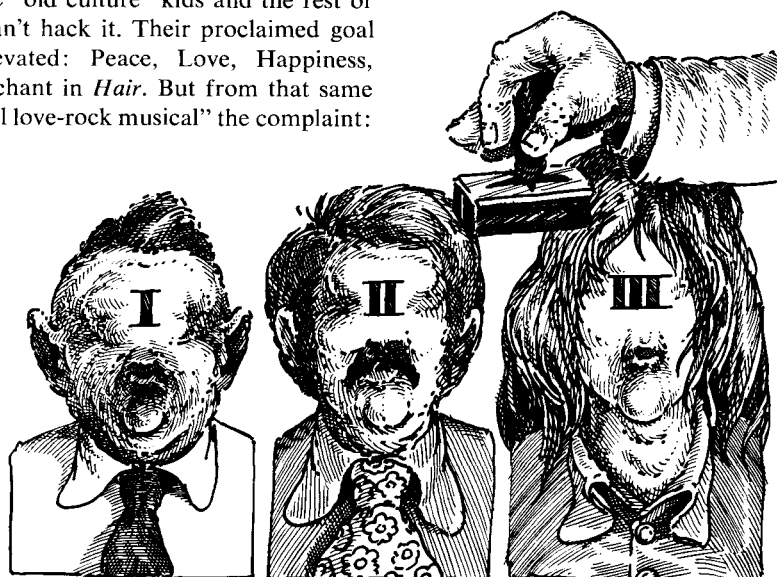
CHRISTMAS BOOKS

'IT'S LOVELY, DEAR, BUT WE ALREADY HAVE A BOOK'

C. H. SIMONDS

My friend Harold Angel, assistant buyer at Blütig's Book and Novelty Shoppe, informs me that great big gorgeous gift books are now Out. "Not moving at all," says Harold. "Everybody's buying Zodiac-sign needlepoint kits, Spiro Agnew whoopee cushions, porno jigsaw puzzles—they are your hot Yule items this year. McLuhan did it—him, and you with all your smart cracks about coffee tables."

Indeed, those gift books aren't quite what they used to be. For one thing, there has been a blurring: Trade books have soared in price, well into what used to be the gift book range; and a gift book that sold for \$25 five years ago would



Memo to: all NR Readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: a remarkable book by a remarkable man

National Review readers know Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn as a man of many, many talents: world traveller, peripatetic correspondent, prolific writer, fantastic linguist (if I remember rightly, he speaks nine and reads 20!), expert on Communism, Leftism, European problems, Asian difficulties, South American situations, etc., etc. and etc.

Would you believe his very best writings are on religion? If you are the kind of person who is interested in today's revolution in religion (and/or someone who feels the need to do a little serious reflecting at this time of year), read on -- for "The Timeless Christian" is a rare treat, an unusual and highly readable book that will inform and delight you. Originally published in German, this fast-paced volume is primarily concerned with the startling changes (after centuries of rigidity) in the Catholic Church. However, it is by no means of interest to Catholics only: there are fascinating discussions of the Left/liberal foundations of "modern" Christianity; why "pluralism" is a misleading slogan; an illuminating analysis of what is really involved in "mixed" marriages; why the "vernacular" promotes disunity, and -- this chapter alone is worth the price of the book -- a serious discussion of the Devil in today's world.

To me, what makes this book doubly enjoyable is the wealth of pithy, thought-provoking quotes, as, for instance: "Robert Louis Stevenson once said: 'Man does not live by bread alone, but chiefly by catchwords.' Because we live in an age when the colossal, oppressive mass of accumulated knowledge makes rational thought so terribly difficult, men once again require slogans that are capable of use as intellectual lubricants enabling us to come, quite smoothly, to snap judgments."

I could go on and on about this book, but here's the point: if you are interested in these timeless subjects, don't miss this opportunity to get your copy of "The Timeless Christian" free and postpaid (all you have to do is use the handy-card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- all the details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody, but I'm convinced that "The Timeless Christian" is one of the most unusual premium books we have ever offered -- something really different -- and I would be delighted to send you your free copy along with your subscription. Please use the card now, though -- our supply of books is strictly limited, and we may never be able to repeat this offer.

J.P.M.

cost \$35 or \$40 today. Inevitably the market shrinks as prices get up there in the stratosphere. Then too, publishers seem hard put to come up with new ideas. There is less and less to illustrate in color and sell for dozens of dollars. What but sheer desperation could have prompted the publication of *John F. Kennedy, Scrimshaw Collector?* ("It's great, Solly—between the Kennedy buffs and the scrimshaw freaks, it's gotta be a best-seller!")

There is always a craze or two to milk (or manufacture—witness the attempt to follow up the Beardsley/Art Nouveau craze with an Art Deco craze; it never got off the ground), but our crazes seem to get sillier and less book-able every year. This year, there are several fancy books on astrology, the Tarot, nude swimming at rock festivals and such; while lavish and expensive, they are omitted from this compilation because they are not worth reading.

And so—a smaller crop this year, despite which there are a few sugarplums to rest you and your friends merry.

EASILY THE MOST INTERESTING (and handsomest) item of the season is *The Atlas of the Universe* (Rand McNally, \$29.95 to January 1, \$35 thereafter), with text by Patrick Moore. There are maps of the moon, our solar system, the whole universe—together with lucid explanations of optical and radio telescope, rocketry, astrophysics, spectroscopy and all the rest, making the book as much an encyclopedia as an atlas. A series of color photographs of the Earth taken from near space is especially breathtaking. There are handy maps of the heavens for backyard stargazers. Give this one to the kids—they'll never even notice that it's helping them with their homework.

One craze anyway has been pure gold for book publishers: Heaven knows how many square miles of trees have been pulped to make ecology books, most of them sentimental garbage. Better than most is *Wildlife Crisis* (Cowles, \$14.95), which is really two books. In one, H.R.H. Prince Philip tells of the awakening of his own interest in conservation and shows us some of his (rather impressive) bird and animal photographs. In the other, James Fisher, an English conservationist, trots around the globe describing briefly the history and current state of conservation efforts on every continent. A lengthy appendix lists every single extinct or endangered species in the world. There are many more books in the field, including the annual several from the Sierra Club, of which one tires

very quickly, just as one tires quickly of caramel fudge nougat.

Americana buffs will like *Man and the River* by Hodding Carter (Rand McNally, \$14.95), a leisurely float down the Mississippi with frequent stops in the cities and towns along its banks. The photographs (especially the aerial ones) by Dan Guravich are very good. *Hamilton County* by McKinlay Kantor and Tim Kantor (Macmillan, \$9.95) is an evocation of porch-sitting, church-going, basketball-playing, Boy-Scouting rural Middle America in words (short stories, reminiscences, bits of reportage) by the elder Kantor and photographs (taken in the ten Hamilton Counties of the United States) by the younger. A most refreshing book.

ART BOOKS are fewer in number this year. Newest volume in the "Arts of Mankind" series edited by André Malraux is *Rome: The Center of Power* by Ranuccio Bianchi Bandinelli (Braziller, \$30). The illustrations are marvelous, the text complete; the focus of the book, however, is disappointingly narrow, failing as it does to relate art to the larger life of the times. A broader approach is taken by the editors of *Horizon Magazine*: Joining sets on China and the Mid-

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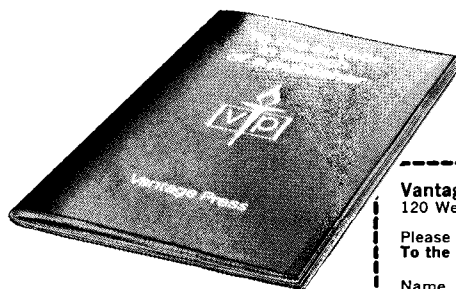
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dle Ages is this year's on Russia—one volume devoted to *The History of Russia*, the other to *The Arts of Russia* (American Heritage, \$45). Illustration in both books is excellent; the text readable and informative, if a trifle superficial. As pretty pictorially, and excellent reading too, is Anthony Burgess' *Shakespeare* (Knopf, \$15 to December 31, \$17.50 thereafter)—a deliciously idiosyncratically Burgessian life-and-times book enhanced with pictures, mostly in color, of Elizabethan scenes, portraits, artifacts et cetera. Two more for art lovers: *Prints and Drawings: A Pictorial History* by Gottfried Lindemann (Praeger, \$18.50) and *The Triumph of American Painting* by Irving Sandler (Praeger, \$25), the first dispassionate history of abstract expressionism.

This year brings an updated, much-enlarged edition of Richard Griffith's and

Arthur Mayer's classic *The Movies* (Simon & Schuster, \$19.95), priceless stills elucidated with brief, to-the-point captions. Also for nostalgiphiles is *Looking Forward* by Ray Brosseau and Ralph K. Andrist (American Heritage, \$14.95), an entertaining scrapbook of predictions of twentieth-

century life from *Collier's*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and other American magazines, 1895-1905; and *The American Heritage History of the 20's and 30's* (American Heritage, \$17.50), well illustrated, with the emphasis on popular culture.

The best nostalgia volume of the season is *Arf! The Life and Hard Times of Little Orphan Annie, 1935-1945* (Arlington House, \$14.95)—almost all (there are a few gaps) the daily strips of ten vintage Nazi-fighting, Roosevelt-baiting years. In the same vein are *Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century* (Chelsea House, \$15) and a reissue of George Herriman's *Krazy Kat* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$7.95) with E. E. Cummings' introduction.

Scarcely a man is still alive who can reminisce about the years 1901-1914; fortunately J. B. Priestley is, and does, in *The Edwardians* (Harper, \$15), as complete and well-balanced a portrait of the age as you'll find. Almost as good, and inexpensive enough to put in a stocking, only they don't make stockings large enough, is *English Life in the Eighteenth Century* by Roger Hart (Putnam,

\$4.95), a breezy survey of high and low life drawing heavily on contemporary sources and nicely illustrated in color and black and white. How the book can be sold for so little is a mystery. Snap it up. Finally, a curious and pleasant book: *The Sign of the Eagle* (Ward Ritchie Press, \$14.50), the Mexican War diary of Lieutenant John James Peck illustrated with period lithographs of Mexican scenes, and city-views. Good reading, good looking.

And to all a good night. □

The Social Contract: A Personal Inquiry into the Evolutionary Sources of Order and Disorder

By Robert Ardrey; illustrations by Berdine Ardrey

Atheneum, 405 pp., \$10.00

THE MAN WHO CRIED BABOON

JOHN GREENWAY

Robert Ardrey is a man who succeeded where his betters failed for the simple reason that he had never heard about the boy who cried "Wolf!" Or, in this case, "Baboon!"

He is not the first to stumble up the ladder of ignorance to fortune and fame. Thomas Alva Edison was defiantly proud of his lack of formal learning. After receiving his patents on the incandescent lamp because its polygenetic inventor Joseph Swan knew too much about its history to think a patent application would succeed, Edison told Henry Ford "history is bunk." Young Henry, who was to assert in court that Benedict Arnold was one of his employees, agreed. Robert Ardrey thinks prehistory is bunk. One would expect him to know better, but he was at the University of Chicago in time to have his tabula erased by Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins (who is now making a living charging hoi polloi ten bucks a gullible head to help his stable of Great Minds think about Great Things).

Emerging thus into the world with a full heart and empty head, young Ardrey was well equipped to change it—by screaming for the abolition of capitalism. In less than no time he learned that rebels were not eating during the Great Depression, so he played some pianos, wrought some plays and hacked some journalism. Sent to Africa to record the enormous good being done for humanity by the

former London School of Economics anthropologist Jomo Kenyatta and Jomo's jolly Mau Mau, Ardrey had a serendipitous windfall. He discovered what no one outside the Dark Continent knew—that the Missing Link had been found, that he was an ancient African named Australopithecus, that he was a weapon maker, and that out of the viciousness of his evolutionary heart he killed other good incipient people of his own kind in the Pliocene.

Ardrey dashed back home with the message like a cat bringing in a dead mouse, and like the similitive cat, got a broom in the backside and was flung out of respectable houses of learning, mouse and all. Changing his audience from scholars to the kind of people who buy astrology magazines, he wrote the best-seller *African Genesis*, which revealed stuff he said could be found only in such periodicals as the "*American Journal of Anthropology*," whose pages, unhappily, were "inaccessible" to laymen. They were in fact inaccessible to anybody, since no periodical of that name exists.

Such niceties aside, Ardrey was right; the Australopithecines had not been generally accepted, and that for two reasons. First, the greatly underestimated influence of political and religious irrelevancy in scientific effort had not yet nudged seekers of our fossil ancestors into Africa. They had left the Tigris-Euphrates valley many years earlier when the Bible and its Garden of Eden had been discredited, and now they were like the Little Moron on his hands and knees hunting aimlessly under the street lamp for the quarter he had lost halfway down the block, looking where the light was best. Secondly, the champions of the African man-apes had long since lost their credibility. They had cried "Wolf!" too often, some of them even lending their authority to support the absurd story of baboon-children—the South African version of the ancient and universal folk-motif of children reared by wolves that stretches from Romulus and Remus to François Truffaut's contemporary film *The Wild Child*. Fact and truth can not assail it; even knowing that *lupus* in the Latin of old Rome meant "prostitute" as well as "wolf" does not deter believers.

But Ardrey was right. When the thrust of Civil Righteousness pushed anthropologists into Africa to look for the source of everything good, they found that the Australopithecines were as near to being a Missing Link as we are likely to get. So the scholars had to

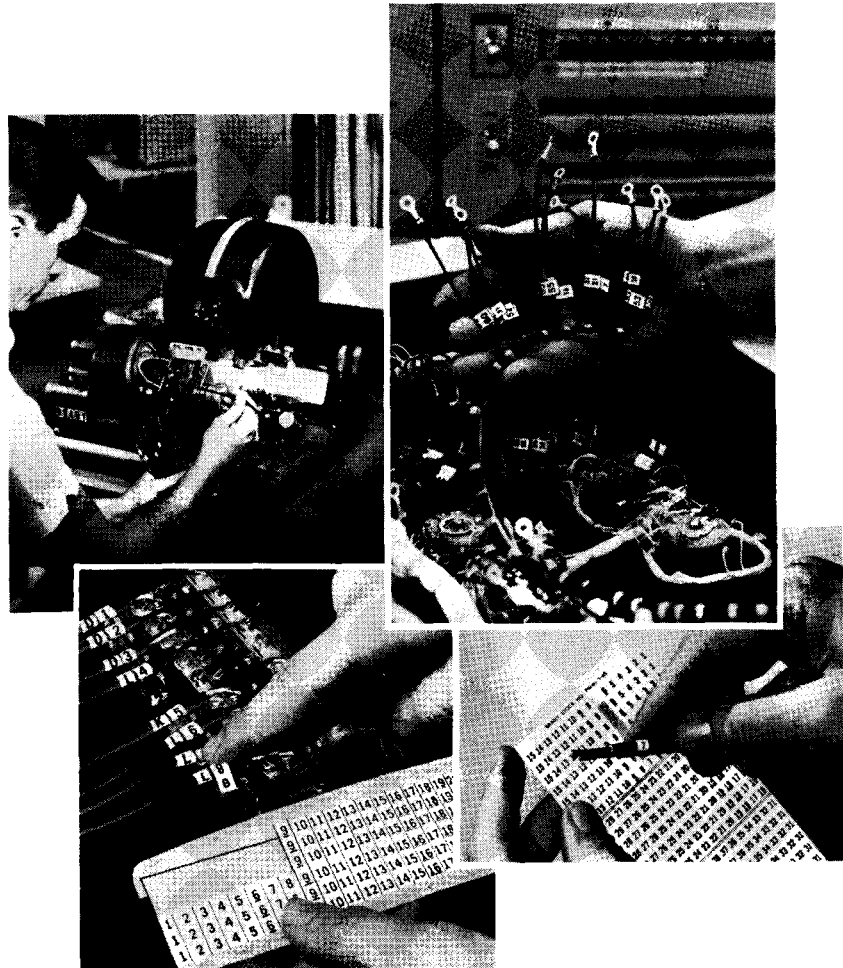
bear Ardrey's insufferable egotism and his gibe about why it had been left to a playwright to make this momentous discovery.

Resentful though they may be, reputable scholars now talk to Ardrey, and he mentions them in his new book; but his favorite researchers are men of his own anointment. They are all named as the outstanding scientists in their fields, though unaccountably he omits the name of Professor Irwin Corey, the World's Foremost Authority.

And what has he told us in his three books—*African Genesis*, *The Territorial Imperative* and *The Social Contract*—that we did not already know about the human condition? Nothing that was not known to educated men in the Egypt of Pharaoh Tutankhamen. In the XVIII Dynasty scholars did not have a name for the genetic process, but they knew how to breed dogs for ferocity, that human beings were illimitably aggressive, that most organisms killed to defend their territory and that man lives under some "social contract" to keep him from killing everybody. There are questions still unresolved in these things, but no scientist would think of bringing Ardrey—his books or his person—into the discussion. He would be excluded because, after three successful books and many conversations with knowledgeable people, he is still the child at Easter, hopping up and down and clapping his hands because he has found some eggs left by the Easter Bunny. His mysteries of nature and man are mysteries only because he does not know enough of his subject to understand the truth.

The bulk of this work, like its predecessors, is a summary of other people's experiments, and since he is a playwright with a good sense of building and sustaining dramatic tension his summaries are better than their sources. Less accurate, but better reading. When he goes off on his own, however, to give his opinions (which he mistakenly calls theories) about what these experiments mean, he becomes the excited, hopping and clapping child.

Where other unqualified intruders into science have their mistake a page, Ardrey's enthusiasm leads him into his mistake a paragraph. His reconstruction of life in the hunting age, for instance, is 90 per cent Ardrey and 80 per cent wrong. I have lived with the last large group of earth's Paleolithic people, the aborigines of Australia's western deserts, and I can say that scarcely one notion Ardrey postulates about life in this phase of cultural evolution is tenable.



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Yet I recommend him. Nothing he contends or disputes has not been discussed far more profoundly by far more authoritative men. But still I recommend him, because people will read him where they will not read more difficult writers, and his errors do not void what he says about the true nature of man. Moreover, the unguided reader in today's sold-out anthropology walks alone down an alley in an unlighted slum. Where is truth when scientists surrender integrity to social militancy and political subversion? What of the Society for Ethnomusicology, caretakers of what surely must be the most inherently nonpolitical subject in all anthropology, when it declares formally that student interest in primitive music is burgeoning because young people despise the Vietnam war? I criticize Ardrey for failing to meet standards, but he recognizes the validity of standards. My colleagues did so once; they do so no longer. They have made a covenant with death and with hell they are in agreement. □

Father of Racist Ideology, The Social and Political Thoughts of Count Gobineau

By Michael D. Biddiss

Weybright and Talley, \$10

Gobineau: Selected Political Writings Edited and Introduced by Michael D. Biddiss

Harper, 254 pp. \$7.95

The French Right from de Maistre to Maurras

Edited and Introduced by J. S. McClelland

Harper, 320 pp. \$7.95

THE CONSERVATIVE AND THE REVOLUTIONARY RIGHT

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Conservatism has not simply had a bad press; for much of the past two hundred years it has had no press at all. What men have called Modern History has been largely devoted to revolution, either actual or potential. The heroes have always been the revolutionaries, and the villains those princes, principles and powers of order that stood in the way

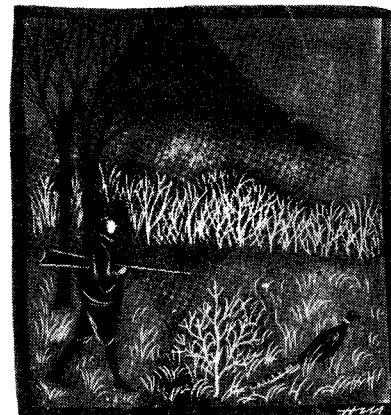
of the fulfillment of man's revolutionary destiny. Seen in retrospect, the past two centuries, given the gigantic forces of technological and social change, have been remarkably stable. The great historical question is not "why revolution" or even "whose revolution," but rather "why stability and order?" The sources of order are dismayingly difficult to identify for those suffering from the myopia of the Left and only in pre-National Socialist Germany was the Right represented among the academic historians.

At last the Right has been discovered. It is not, however, the focus of a disinterested and dispassionate study and analysis but the hunting ground of those intellectual genealogists who are in search of a pedigree for fascism. For this purpose the kind of scholarship which distinguishes "Rights" rather than a monolithic "Right" and which views these "Rights" as developing over time and responding to particular and individual social and political problems is not very useful. What the left-liberal historian finds most useful is a type of Harriet Beecher Stowe history which makes it easy to identify the Simon Legrees. Work as complex and sophisticated as René Remond's *The Right Wing in France* is by-passed because it does not present the agreeable stereotype.

IN SPITE OF a modicum of sophistication the three books under review here fall into the same pattern. They do so not through any ill will or intellectual dishonesty on the part of their two authors, but simply because the categories are inadequate and their knowledge of the context too limited to present a genuinely revealing picture.

The Biddiss study of the thought of Count Gobineau and the anthology of his writings is an extremely useful and important account of one of the major influences on our age. Gobineau for the first time systematically formulated the categories of racial thought. On the whole the Biddiss discussion of Gobineau is fair and sometimes perceptive. It fails, however, to understand and develop the context of his thought, and it fails doubly by implying that he was the French Right. Gobineau's racism is an "ideology," Biddiss intimates, in the sense that it is a rationalization of his alienation and fears of having fallen out of place and station, his frustration at being an aristocrat when aristocracy is passé. However, the French Right was various

and complex, and the larger question remains as to why Gobineau's views were so singular and eccentric rather than the way in which they were typical. Even viewing them as typical, or at least in part typical, of the French Right would have been more useful than the tech-



nique of vague associations, for it would have forced some detailed analysis of the Right in all its multiplicity. That analysis might have led Biddiss to some interesting conclusions.

What those conclusions could have been, it is possible to glimpse in part in the anthology, *The French Right from de Maistre to Maurras*, edited by J. S. McClelland. It is an index of the slovenliness of McClelland's scholarship that his bibliography does not include René Remond's *The Right Wing in France*, a work which is the most important contribution on the subject. Anthologies, however, if they are at all inclusive, possess their own integrity, and one of the most important selections chosen by McClelland is the preface to *Romanticism and Revolution* by that flawed genius, Charles Maurras. Maurras saw, as no one in his day did, the close link between the revolutions of the Left and Romanticism. It has generally been believed that the Left derived from the rationalism and the liberalism of the eighteenth century. But the mind of Marx was not formed by the dispassionate analysis of eighteenth-century rationalism but in the alienation and frenzy characteristic of Romanticism.

WHAT MAURRAS DID NOT recognize is that the revolutionaries of the Right as well as the revolutionaries of the Left drank from the poisoned springs of Romanticism. The right revolutionary and the left revolutionary were blood brothers. Both saw the world in essentially pessimistic terms. For the Left the corruption and decadence of society was

RANDOM NOTES

■ **JUST OUT:** Arthur Cohen's study of the Hasidic Jews, *A People Apart*, with 140 photographs by Philip Garvin (Dutton, \$20). . . . Also from Dutton, *The Secret Conferences of Dr. Goebbels, 1939-43* is the first English translation (\$12.50). . . . Reissued in a big, sumptuous volume with five hundred illustrations is *Vanity Fair: A Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s*, and just about every good writer of the interwar period is there (Viking; \$9.95 to Dec. 31, then \$12.50).

■ **FEBRUARY BOOKS:** Eric Bentley calls his HUAC book *Thirty Years of Treason*, but he's kidding (Viking, \$7.95). . . . In *The First Sex*, Elizabeth Gould Davis proves that God is really Goddess, and that everything since around the time Adam victimized Eve has been All Wrong (Putnam, \$8.95). . . . *The Man Who Dared Lightning* is a bio of Ben Franklin by Thomas J. Fleming (Morrow, \$12.95). . . . We're waiting to see whether Dr. Robert Liebert has a field day with *Radical and Militant Youth: A Psychiatrist's Report*. Anyway, some shrink could (Praeger, \$5.95). . . . Allen Drury leaves Washington behind and heads for outer space in his new novel, *The Throne of Saturn* (Doubleday, \$7.95). . . . *Good Night and Good Luck* is the story of Edward R. Murrow by his secretary and his

researcher, Kay Campbell and Charles Romine (Holt, \$6.95).

■ **TV:** *Variety* polled upwards of 150 TV critics for their all-time favorite series, 1950-70. Voters were allowed to name as many as they thought rated a mention. Fourteen shows made the Wasteland Honor Roll with at least thirteen votes:

1. <i>Playhouse 90</i>	57
2. <i>Omnibus</i>	36
3. <i>Gunsmoke</i>	31
4. <i>Lucy</i>	28
5. <i>Show of Shows</i>	26
6. <i>Studio One</i>	25
7. <i>Dick Van Dyke</i>	24
8. <i>Defenders</i>	20
9. <i>Hall of Fame</i>	19
10. <i>Honeymooners</i>	18
10. <i>Ed Sullivan</i>	18
12. <i>Tonight</i>	16
13. <i>Sgt. Bilko</i>	13
13. <i>Bonanza</i>	13

■ **DÉJÀ VU:** Edgar Snow, described by Random House as "the principal American authority on China" (the same Edgar Snow who wrote in 1945 that the Chinese Communists had "renounced years ago now, any thought of establishing Communism in China in the near future"), to gather material for another mash note to Mao. With him is wife Lois Wheeler, a founder of the Actors Studio, who's also perpetrating a book on the subject.

a result of the decadence of a class; a class which had outlived its creative potential. On the Right the theories that sought to explain decadence were usually biological or religious in origin. Both left and right revolutionaries saw the world in secular non-transcendent terms. Order was, in the final analysis, the order which man was capable of imposing on experience and his fellow man, not God's order to be rationally explored and to which man was forced to accommodate himself. Struggle lay at the heart of all things and was the key to all creative transformation. The struggle might be class, or national or racial; its sources were fundamentally irrational.

Essential to the views of both the right and the left revolutionary was the role of sentiment. In a world without discoverable order, intensity of feeling and stridency of assertion are the only tests of validity. The epistemology of Hume leads directly to the revolutions in thought and they in turn to the political revolutions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It is a fiction that these revolutions were revolts by mass man.

They were revolutions of intellectuals manipulating significant minorities and able to topple their societies because they had discovered the pressure points where minimum force could produce maximum disruption.

There is, however, another Right and it is more important than the revolutionary Right, both historically and pragmatically. The nonrevolutionary Right has called itself conservative because it has viewed the problem of the order of society and the internal ordering of the individual as the most important single question confronting mankind. Conservatism sees, in the experience of the order of nature and revelation, the heritage of the past and the power of reason to discern and structure the way in which man can both preserve and alter the order of which he is a part. This conservative tradition is as antithetical to the revolutions of the Right as it is to the revolutions of the Left and it is a fact, not to be refuted by three thin books, that this conservative Right is the dominant tradition for those who are repelled by revolution and dismayed by liberalism. □

MOVIES

THE OLD MASTERS SHOW THEIR STUFF

RICHARD CORLISS

It may be classicism; it may be lassitude. But given the choice, I would rather see a new film by an old master (or even re-see an old one) than go to a highly praised work from a director I don't know or don't like. So I restricted my movie-going at the Ninth New York Film Festival to the recent offerings of François Truffaut, Bernardo Bertolucci, Satyajit Ray, Ermanno Olmi and Luis Buñuel. When an old friend introduces you to his youngest child—whether the lad is a prodigy or a prodigal, a blooming Mozart or a budding Marquis de Sade—you take a greater interest in him than you would in a nameless orphan, if only to warn your friend of his son's unsavory traits.

The Wild Child (a better translation of *L'Enfant Sauvage* would be *The Wild Boy*, the other title sounding too much like a rock group) fits very nicely into Truffaut's family films. In fact, Truffaut's choice and development of his subject matter are his most adroit since the underrated *Fahrenheit 451*, and possibly since *Jules and Jim*, made nine years ago. Here Truffaut blends two popular movie sub-genres: The horror film about a scientist's well-meaning but arrogant attempt to imbue a "monster" with intellectual and social values—a theme that runs through three current items, *The Mind of Mr. Soames*, *Trog* and *House of Dark Shadows*—and the Indomitability-of-the-Human-Spirit type of picture, like *Born Free* and *The Miracle Worker*, in which the same sort of education is undertaken, but for noble reasons. The former is a foredoomed failure, the latter a heroic success.

Truffaut's film is based on the diary of a doctor in Revolutionary France who tries to civilize and save an eleven-year-old "wild boy," discovered in the woods of Aveyron after seven years of living like an animal. It soon becomes apparent that Truffaut, both in his role as director and in his performance as the doctor, is less depressed by the reluctance of the *sauvage* than he is invigorated by the challenge of the *enfant*; and, while his film often recalls incidents in the Annie

Sullivan-Helen Keller relationship, *L'Enfant Sauvage* is not so much a *Sullivan's Travels* as it is two pilgrims' progress toward intellectual and emotional understanding. Truffaut's direction is austere, almost Bressonian. But like Bresson, his elegiac tone can provoke in the responsive viewer a feeling of euphoria and an awareness that this euphoria was not the calculated result of some clever cinematic manipulation.

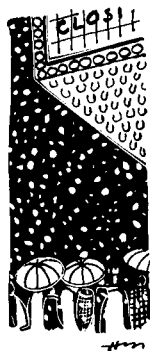
TRISTANA is, as its title indicates, a sad film about a sad woman, made by director Luis Buñuel with equal measures of misanthropy and melancholy. Unlike his finest films (*Viridiana*, *Belle de Jour* and *The Milky Way*), *Tristana* cannot be fully savored by moviegoers unfamiliar with Buñuel's fetishes and foibles. To most, it will look like a *Viridiana* story—possessive, sadistic father-figure corrupts his naïve, spiritual ward—that never gets off the Spanish earth. Indeed, whether seen as a chapter in Buñuel's directorial autobiography or as an evening's entertainment, *Tristana* is not especially compelling. The always promised but never delivered hints of depravity tend to bore the viewer, and then to debase his film instincts; after an hour or so, one begins to wish for a good rape scene, or some of the well-photographed cripple-rolling with which Buñuel used to enjoy shocking us. Buñuel finally obliges us, rather cynically by having Catherine Deneuve (as Tristana) display her beautiful body—minus her right leg, which was amputated halfway through the film—to a grabby deaf-mute. But this scene is shot from behind her, so that students of comparative anatomy will have to depend on their memory of *Mississippi Mermaid*, which briefly displays a denuded Deneuve, to complete the picture.

Still, there's something poignant about Buñuel's obvious identification with the leading character, Don José, whose warped love for Tristana destroys them both. This is Buñuel's first film made in his homeland since *Viridiana*, which he made with government approval only to have it banned and disowned when Spanish censors saw the final print. Now, the same government invites the world-renowned director back to do another film, and he responds by making Don José in his own gravelly image. There's a delightful scene between Don José and a trio of priests (read censors), who share his company and his tea while waiting for the irascible old heretic to see the light. And recurring through the film is a horrifying dream image, in

which the clapper of a cathedral bell turns into Don José's severed head. The dream is first Tristana's, then Don José's. Then Buñuel's. And finally, if we respond at all to this incorrigible but infectious film, it becomes our own.

AT THE VERY LEAST, Bernardo Bertolucci is an extraordinarily capable director. Even his indifferent film work shows this. His first features, *Before the Revolution* (which I frankly don't remember very well) and *Partner* (which I'd prefer to forget), demonstrated a precocious mastery of technique and an opulent visual style that, in *Partner* at least, overwhelmed and exposed his pre-fab theoretical and political scaffolding. *The Spider's Stratagem* (from a Borges fiction) and *The Conformist* (from a Moravia novel), the Bertolucci entries at the Festival, both deal with fascist Italy, but with a story sense and a disinterested maturity unexpected from the erstwhile polemicist.

Before the Revolution was the film equivalent of a young writer's first, autobiographical novel—tortured, romantic, self-conscious—and *Partner* was Bertolucci's deeply felt but poorly thought out homage to Jean-Luc Godard. *The Spider's Stratagem*, however, has enough affinities with such *à la recherche* films as *Citizen Kane* and *Z* to make it accessible to a larger audience. It concerns a young man's



quest for the truth about the assassination of his father, an antifascist organizer whom the Italian townspeople revere for his martyrdom. His father's old friends are no help: Their descriptions of their plot to kill Il Duce are unconvincing and inconclusive (and for this reason the friends are just as old in their "flashbacks" as they are in the present). He finally discovers that his father, perceiving that he would serve the cause better as a martyred memory than as a living activist, convinced his friends that he had betrayed them and that he should be killed—in public, at the Opera, during *Rigoletto*!

Bertolucci is as operatic (or, as he says, "operettic") in his film style as his hero is in his political designs but his movie is as extravagantly successful as the "martyr's" plot. Some have compared him to Visconti, the Italian stage and film director who has patented the word "operatic" as surely as Hitchcock

owns "suspense." But to this pair of eyes, Bertolucci evokes the precision and humanity of Mozart far more than he does the flamboyance of Wagner at his worst, which is the mood Visconti's *The Damned* suggests. In *The Conformist*, Bertolucci is working with a dangerous metaphor: The protagonist's fascism is tied to his repressed homosexuality. But Bertolucci proves that he can work with an expansive subject as well as with the more intimate one of *The Spider's Stratagem*. Bertolucci's assurance with his fine actors (Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, Dominique Sanda, Pierre Clementi) is on a par with the work of the best older European directors, and his visual sense is voluptuous. Bertolucci is only 28, which should mean that the best is yet to come. To improve on this dazzling duo, it will have to be very good indeed. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Nancy Mitford (*Harper*, 304 pp., \$15). This lavishly illustrated gift volume is "potted history" of the better sort, and as well-seasoned as its subject's dinners and conversations were. While the reader familiar with the Prussian prodigy will find little that is new in Miss Mitford's work, he will also find little to quarrel with, and an unexpected evenhandedness. Though she does not seem to have warmed to Frederick (not too surprisingly in light of his private life) in the way she did to Pompadour and Louis XIV (subjects of two earlier companion volumes), Miss Mitford has caught the flavor of the most brilliant legitimate monarch of modern times, and done him full credit. It is all here—the personal, cultural, political and military aspects—more than liberally served up for what is essentially a coffee-table tome. And it is written in the elegant, slightly acid Mitford style which is only a little creaky after several prolific decades. What is the author's verdict on Frederick? She really leaves it to the individual reader, but we are given a full picture of a brilliant, perverse neurotic who, despite boundless personal despair and cynicism, was the most successful (and most truly absolute) of the Absolutists. One admires his endurance and ingrained sense of duty, if nothing else. Perhaps the best verdict is one that Frederick himself delivered on the aged Prince Eugene of Savoy. "In war and politics," he said, "he had astonishing and sublime views . . . combined with superior abilities both in forcing of advantages and profiting by them, and in retrieving his mistakes . . . fearing neither the enemies of the state or his own, he beat the former and forced the latter to respect him." In the case of

THE PASSING OF THE MODERN AGE

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National Review

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Frederick, "the former" included about three-fourths of Europe. But he carried it off, "bearing up against a world in arms," as the British historian Macaulay grudgingly conceded, "with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verse in the other."

A. BAKSHIAN JR.

THE TWELFTH CENTURY RENAISSANCE, by Christopher Brooke (Harcourt, 216 pp., \$6.95). Here is another lucid, handsomely produced volume from the *History of European Civilization Library*, which has done so much to provide the general reader with intelligent introductions to complex historical problems. Geoffrey Barraclough, the series' general editor, has enlisted the aid of several of our most distinguished historians (Hugh Trevor-Roper, J. L. Talmont and A. J. P. Taylor among them) in the organization of this collection. The present volume deals with the so-called "Renaissance of the Twelfth Century," a problem that has intrigued scholars since it was first propounded by the late Harvard medievalist, Charles Homer Haskins. The introduction of Greek and Arabic thought into Europe during the twelfth century produced a climate in philosophy, literature, science, art and political theory quite similar, in certain fundamental ways, to that climate which Burckhardt ascribed to the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In many ways the twelfth-century Renaissance is richer in quality and quantity than its latter-day counterpart. Professor Brooke has given us an admirable account of this fascinating period.

P. P. WITONSKI

THE NEW SOCIAL DRUG, edited by David E. Smith, M.D. (Prentice-Hall, 186 pp., \$1.95, paper). Subtitled "Cultural, Medical and Legal Perspectives on Marijuana," this collection of eleven essays by fourteen authors tries to cover a lot of ground and succeeds in covering half of it. One of the authors, Dr. Erich Goode, declares that "perceptions of the very empirical reality of the drug are largely determined by prior ideological considerations." The "empirical reality" of marijuana seems less in question than Goode's credentials as a philosopher, but his point about critics supporting or attacking the drug in terms of their prejudices often seems valid. This collection, for example, seems to come down heavily on the side of those who are sure that marijuana is no worse than alcohol and in some ways better, that it does not cause a "domino effect" which leads those falling into its use to stumble into using harder drugs, and that in attempts to control use of this and other drugs "the criminal-law approach creates a deviant subculture that is alienated from and hostile to society" (from which one is to infer that laws against marijuana are more harmful to society than the drug itself). If any of that is true, then it seems the book should have been titled *The New Subcultural Drug*.

L. PONTE

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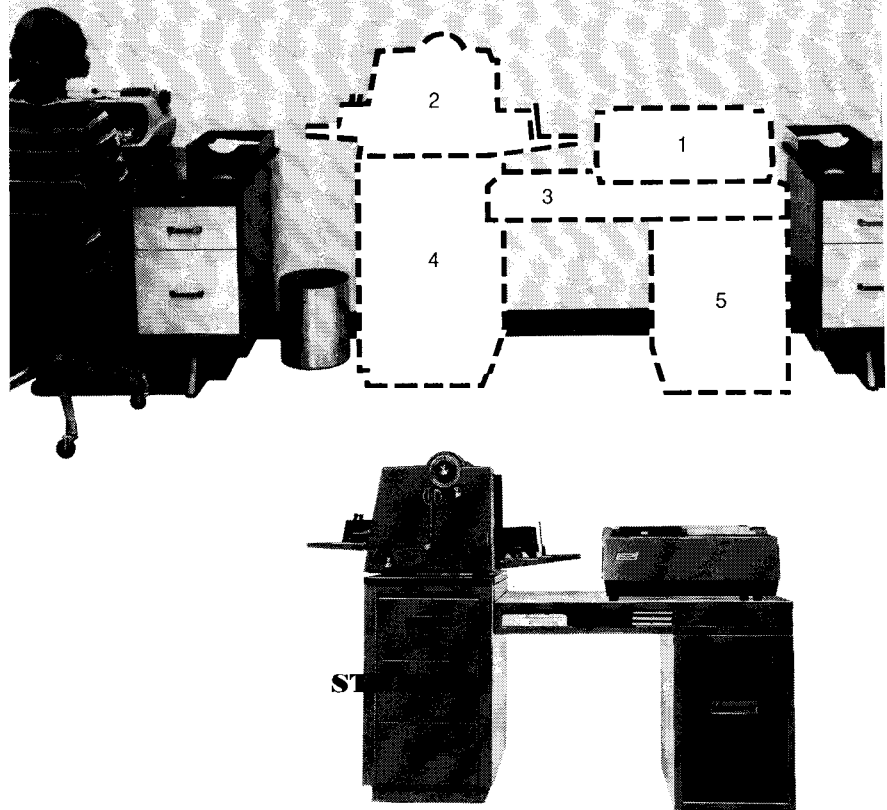
Just as history will decide whether the leaders of today's world employed the atom to destroy the world or rebuild it for mankind's benefit, so will history decide whether today's broadcasters employed their powerful voice to enrich the people or debase.

dozen other nations instead of one or two.

The determining factor in such cases is not the nature of the weapons themselves so much as it is the national doctrines defining and ordaining the way such weapons are thought of. A new American doctrine, viewing atomic weapons on a smooth sliding scale with—not separate from—conventional weapons, could lessen the possibility of global escalation to strategic nuclear war; it could also help the U.S. turn inevitable proliferation to its own advantage, letting it offset by numbers the new-found Soviet atomic superiority, letting it deter the Soviets by *their* fears of escalation. Since escalation will continue to be a possibility, whatever the international strategic doctrines of the superpowers, the idea of escalation will continue to deter atomic war; it may do so more effectively in a multipolar world of many nuclear powers. It is the psychosis inherent in our present doctrine, viewing any use of atomic weapons on any scale as Armageddon, that creates our fear of proliferation; we have never formulated a doctrine to limit nuclear war in process, perhaps in the belief that nuclear war must be "unthinkable" because thinking about it might make it possible. Now we are reaping the fruits of our self-imposed doctrinal blindness, and we should not be surprised if some allies seem hesitant to follow us.

At present all the Nonproliferation Treaty offers is, for some, a vague and unjustified feeling of security. It serves neither the long-term interests of the United States nor the short-term interests of our allies and friends in the world. It binds us to the Soviet Union in an alliance, the purpose of which is going to be frustrated anyway, but it gives us little significant ground for further agreements or friendship this side of a determination jointly to dominate the world by force of arms. In short, it is an illusory treaty, a treaty whose allegiances have been purchased temporarily with costly favors; it does nothing to deter smaller nations from coming within a hair's breadth of atomic weaponry, and it lets them cross over that imaginary line legally on a few months' notice. Its net effect is to encourage proliferation, both through the aid it stimulates and through its tendency to prevent searches for more realistic solutions. The NPT could appropriately be renamed the "Proliferation Non-Treaty." ☐

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The Bombing

New York, Dec. 12—Senator Fulbright is harassing Secretary Laird and others on the matter of the bombing of North Vietnam, which it is his privilege to do; and there is a sense in which all of us share his frustration, although Senator Fulbright would appear to deserve to be frustrated in a sense that others are not. Senator Fulbright was a leader of the group of Americans who during 1968 clamored for an end to the bombing, insisting that the consequences that would flow therefrom would be negotiations. And presumably, negotiations would lead to an end to the war.

President Johnson resisted, as we all know, but finally succumbed, a day or two before election day. Mr. Johnson insisted that he was not acting capriciously, that he had got from the North Vietnamese concessions, which he deemed to justify the bombing halt. Yes, the North Vietnamese would consent to proceed with negotiations at which the government of South Vietnam would be formally represented (you remember the shape-of-the-table argument?). Yes, the United States could overfly North Vietnam with reconnaissance airplanes, to guard against unspotted aggressive concentrations of North Vietnam strength. Yes, the North Vietnamese agreed to stop shelling civilian population centers in South Vietnam, and would stop attempting to infiltrate into South Vietnam across the DMZ.

Now these "understandings" were reached apparently through intermediaries who did not commit them to writing, so that no formal paper exists to present to Senator Fulbright—nothing as concrete as, for instance, the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. On the other hand, it would hardly do for President Nixon to accuse President Johnson of having imagined these understandings. And of course the North Vietnamese denial that these understandings existed is not to be believed, which reminds me that it would be refreshing if Senator Fulbright were to behave as skeptically about the word of North Vietnamese Communists as he does about American anti-Communists.

What is disconcerting about all the backing and filling by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and all the doubts expressed and implicit, and all the at-

tempts to link our venture in behalf of our prisoners of war to the bombing, is that no time is given to the crucial point: which is that the negotiations have resulted in nothing at all.

If President Johnson had been told by the North Vietnamese that yes, they would go to the negotiating table, and yes, they would consent to a South Vietnamese presence, but that upon reaching that negotiating table they would sit month after month, year after year, without budging at all from their fixed insistence that they take over the government of South Vietnam, President Johnson would obviously not have consented to the cessation of the bombing.

PRESIDENT NIXON, finding himself in office, obviously felt that to resume the bombings, on the evidence of North Vietnamese intransigence, would have dashed the hopes of the free world and confirmed the suspicions of those Americans who warned against the election of Dr. Strangelove. So (he apparently reasoned), we must wait and wait; until it is absolutely clear that the North Vietnamese do not intend to negotiate seriously. The question arises, wait until when?

And that is why it is perplexing that in the past few days nobody from the White House or from the Defense Department has raised that critical point. Namely, that the United States ought to be prepared to resume the bombings intensively for the same reason that it conducted these bombings during 1965-1968. There is evidence now that those bombings did damage the enemy, and among other things required him to guard his anti-aircraft installations along the DMZ, rather than over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The Defense Department gave as its reason for resuming the bombing on that one occasion the fact of the North Vietnamese having shot down our reconnaissance plane. Why has it not given as a reason for resuming the bombing, and indeed stepping up the bombing on a steady basis, the enemy's principal default on its agreement? Which is not the shooting down of an airplane with two American pilots in it, but the prolongation of a war which

accounts for the death of more Americans per week than all the North Vietnamese negotiators who sit in Paris, doing nothing, and doing nothing on purpose. □

CATHOLICS AND ABORTION

New York, Dec. 3—It has greatly surprised many non-Catholics, and for that matter not a few Catholics, with what ease the abortionists have succeeded in making their permissive laws, as of this writing in five states of the union, which permit, let's face it, abortion-on-demand. It not only *seems* only yesterday, in fact it *was* only yesterday, that the accepted idea was that the Catholic political lobby made it impossible to permit the sale of contraceptives. To have proposed abortions *ad libitum* was, quite simply, unthinkable for a politician.

Now, the trend is very clear. Although a few states (one thinks of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and, perhaps, Louisiana) will resist, their resistance will be meaningless. Why would it matter to the Connecticut legislature to permit abortions, when any resident of Connecticut who wants one can take the Penn Central to New York and, assuming the child does not arrive first, proceed to get an abortion there? It is reasonable to suppose that abortions will be as widely available in the United States, notwithstanding that only five states now permit them, as they are now in England. What of the Catholics?

Among them is that strange indecision that is the condition of the Church ever since Vatican II. The formal teaching of the Church is that abortions are the taking of human life, to be sure life which is biologically distinguishable from such life as exists after birth; but life just the same. There are those among Catholics who insist that the difference between the two estates is negligible, others who believe that the difference is substantial. There are those who believe that abortion is "murder" in the quite factual sense, others (the majority, one must suppose), who believe that wrong as it is, it is something less than murder.

On The Right

They speak, in New York City, about the decline in Catholic political power. The evidence of that decline abounds. There is the failure to repeal the anti-Catholic Blaine Amendment, the results of which are to deny to students of parochial schools those elementary privileges which in a free society ought to be available to anyone who patronizes a school of his choice, even if it is oriented toward a particular religion. There is the spectacular failure of the Catholic Church to attract to essential Christian doctrines the hordes who allegedly were repelled by Catholics' insistence on narrow doctrinal positions. The Catholic Church threw away fish-on-Friday, liturgical Latin, tough rules for the priests and nuns; and, for its pains, got emptier and emptier churches. When the time came to rally protests against permissive abortion laws, the troops were simply not there. It is very difficult for a Catholic fundamentalist to go on about murder, while his cardinal is photographed speaking amiably to the leader of the Assembly that passed the abortion bill a few months before. How would it have appeared if, let us say, Cardinal Spellman of New York had been seen shaking hands and chatting amiably with Martin Borman? The answer is that Cardinal Spellman would have avoided doing any such thing. And that the cardinal's willingness to traffic with legislators from New York who voted for the abortion bill seems to suggest that New York Catholics must regard permissive abortion policies as something less than the kind of thing that inspires mutinous relations between the subject and the state.

ANY MINORITY living under pluralistic auspices has available to it a range of responses, which go from mild dissent to tyrannicide. A Catholic in New York can, in his opposition to abortion laws, vary from advising his assemblyman that he opposes that law, to (at the other extreme) waylaying and assassinating the leader of the movement within the Assembly to pass that particular bill. What has happened in recent years is that Catholic sentiment has moved very substantially down the scale toward permissiveness. Whereas say ten years ago the furor against abortion would have imperiled the political life of almost any state legislator, now they go mostly unscathed. Catholic voters are confused. Their bishops and their priests are complacent, or if that's not the word for it, they are undecided about what ought to be the rights of others, in pluralistic situations, notwithstanding the dogmatic convictions of the few that in certain essential matters, the few are the guardians of the many. The

majority of Germans might have conceded (one thanks God that the question was never put to them) the necessity for the genocidal extermination of the Jews. The few who after such a plebiscite nevertheless resisted, would be hailed today not as extremist dissenters, but as moral heroes. There aren't, given the surrounding ambiguities, many Catholics in the United States disposed so to act at this moment. But the absence of them is arresting. It seems to say that the Catholic Church is nowadays acting not only out of political confusion, but out of moral uncertainty; in which case one wonders what force it will speak with ten years hence, and whether God will tolerate the total etiolation of what some have fancied all along as His Church. □

FIRE ONE

New York, Dec. 8—One must assume that the activities of Coastal Caribbean, Incorporated, insofar as they reflect on the judgment of Senator-elect James Buckley of New York, are of national interest, else why should Mr. Jack Anderson devote his widely circulated column to a description of same? There is more to learn from an examination of Mr. Anderson's charges than the particular bearing of them on my brother, Mr. Buckley. You see, Mr. Anderson, having no doubt lit a candle to the memory of Drew Pearson, suggests that Senator Buckley's interest in conservation, and in membership on the Senate Interior Committee, reflects his anxiety to further the material interests of Coastal Caribbean, Incorporated, a publicly owned company, which to be sure was founded by our father.

The background. Coastal owns mineral rights in the state of Florida, including Lake Okeechobee. Anderson explains that if Coastal is permitted to take limestone from the bed of Okeechobee, disaster will follow. Here, exactly, is how he put it, in the column published all over America. "The fact that dredging out the valuable limestone bottom would ruin Florida drinking water, kill off wildlife, and turn a unique vacation spot into a gravel pit apparently didn't bother Buckley. . . . He has put profits ahead of antipollution." Mr. Anderson goes on to suggest that Coastal was reprimanded by the district court which, speaking through Judge Clyde Atkins, reminded Coastal that one should not try to "balance the public interest with profit." Okay?

1) Coastal acquired its leases in Florida twenty-odd years ago. Since that time the company has spent, or caused to be spent, \$20 million in oil and mineral ex-

ploration. Not a single complaint has been voiced over those years against Coastal's operational procedures. During that period, the profits of the corporation have amounted to: zero.

2) Coastal applied for permission to bring limestone out of the lake bed of Okeechobee, title to which limestone the courts have unanimously agreed Coastal owns. Now, Lake Okeechobee is approximately the size of Rhode Island. Coastal asked for permission (routinely granted where no navigational hazard is involved) to mine six acres. Previous to Coastal's application, two organizations had been busily engaged in taking limestone out of the same area. One is the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Another is the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District. Over the past period, these two public agencies have taken tens of millions of tons of limestone out of Okeechobee. Nobody has complained that their doing so has polluted the water, discouraged the fish or traumatized a single alligator.

3) The judge before whom Coastal brought the suit ruled in Coastal's favor unequivocally. Judge Atkins did however say this, that there was so much conflicting scientific testimony as to what might be the result if further dredging took place, that he declined to rule that Coastal should be permitted instantly to proceed to bring up the limestone. However, said the Judge, if the state of Florida, or the Army Corps of Engineers, were to succeed in demonstrating that for Coastal to proceed to do exactly what they themselves have been doing over the years, would endanger the ecological situation—then Coastal should be reimbursed its forfeited profit. This is an extension of the principal of eminent domain. In other words, if Coastal is to be deprived—as say a homeowner would be deprived—of its property, because of a transcendent interest of the state (whether water or a new super-highway) the deprived party must, by common law, be compensated.

4) Throughout the proceedings, Coastal has declared that it will abide by the adjudication of the courts, pure and simple. On the other hand, any gratuitous failure by Coastal's management to pursue the stockholders' interests, however circumscribed by the law, would be pure dereliction, moral and legal.

5) So? So, Anderson and the fraternity who fall to pieces with worry about the hygiene of the Everglades even as they contribute to the pollution of democratic intercourse, deserve that special contempt that attaches to those who, knowing the circumstances, nevertheless try to delude their readers. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

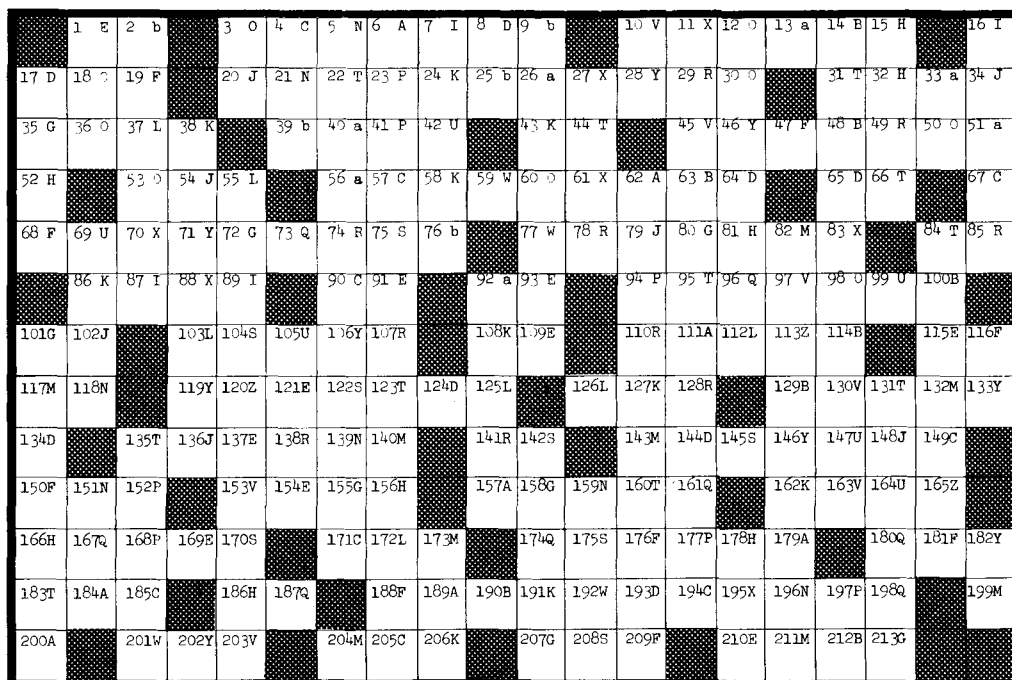
DEFINITIONS

A. A town in Pettis County, Missouri	6 189 179 184 157 111 200 62	N. One of France's empresses	139 159 5 118 151 196 21
B. The name of two (or three) men referred to in the Old Testament	48 212 114 63 100 190 129	O. "It imports no reason that with such he should pursue faults proper to himself." — Measure for Measure, V. 1.	36 50 53 60 98 3 12 18 30
C. What most eggs are, fortunately	57 4 205 90 171 67 185 194 149	P. Entered with hostile intentions	177 197 168 41 94 23 152
D. In heraldry, represented as enraged, as any wild creature depicted with fire issuing from mouth and eyes	65 17 134 193 144 8 124 64	Q. Jeopardize	180 174 161 167 187 198 96 73
E. A silly or stupid person	91 115 93 109 121 137 154 169 1 210	R. A soldier who became prime minister of England	110 128 29 49 74 78 107 138 141 85
F. He kept Europe in turmoil longer than Hitler did	188 68 181 116 47 150 209 176 19	S. One of New York's counties	122 75 104 142 170 175 145 208
G. Harold Royce Gross' home town	207 155 213 72 35 80 101 158	T. One of Napoleon's titles	44 84 95 123 131 22 31 66 135 183 160
H. Former name of Regensburg	15 81 156 186 166 32 178 52	U. Thomas Hardy wrote a novel about his return	69 147 42 105 164 99
I. The year Louisiana was purchased by the United States	7 87 16 89	V. In a state of temporary inactivity or suppression	97 10 130 203 163 45 153
J. A town in South Carolina	79 54 20 102 148 34 136	W. How a former big-leaguer's name usually appeared in box scores	201 77 59 192
K. Journeyed with passing motorists	108 43 24 58 127 162 86 191 206 38	X. Made obscure	88 195 11 70 27 61 83
L. Made a dull sound	126 172 112 55 103 37 125	Y. One of the oldest towns in Missouri	146 182 71 119 28 133 46 106 202
M. A retaining wall	132 143 117 173 199 140 211 82 204	Z. A tree	165 113 120
		a. A city in Wisconsin	26 33 40 13 51 56 92
		b. Part of a day	2 25 76 9 39

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1364 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

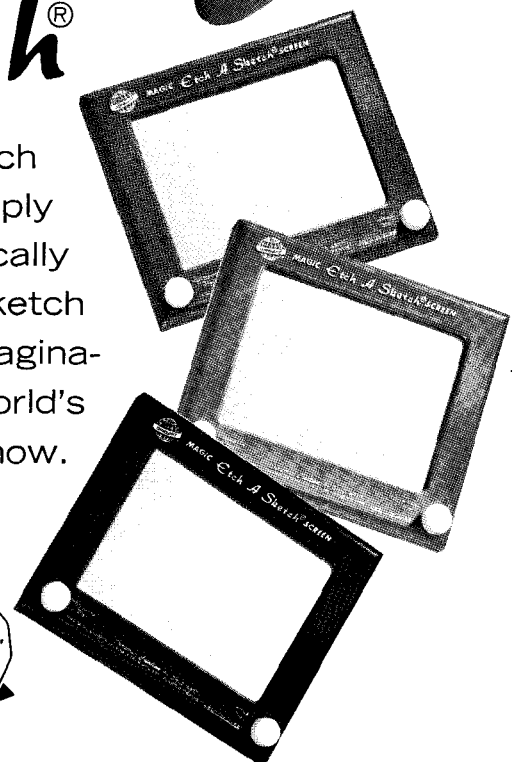


Give the exploring mind a way to turn



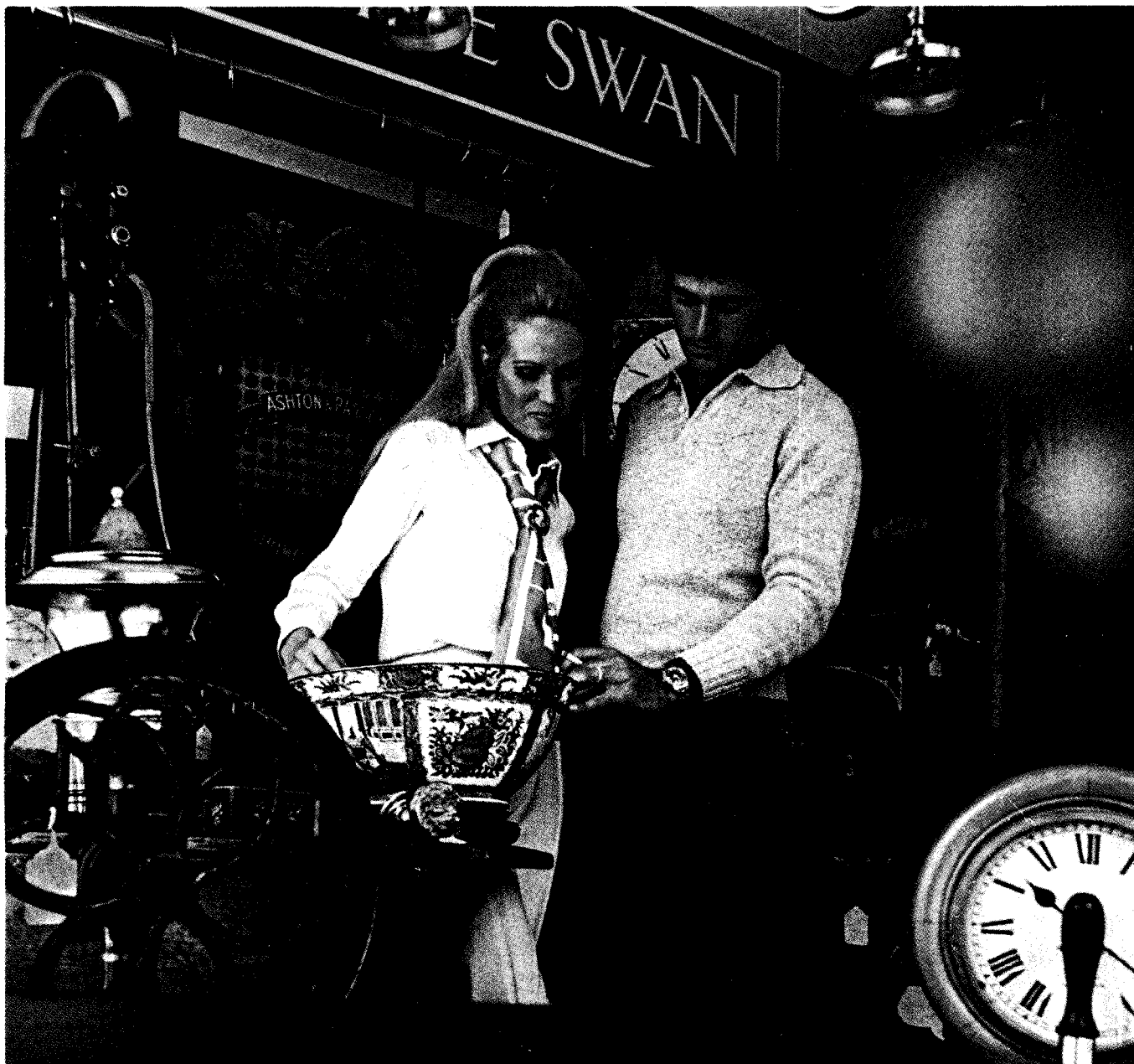
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